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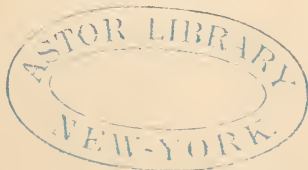
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FAVOURITE PASSAGES

IN

MODERN CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.



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 derest, than those which
 the imagination.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS book is a Treasury of Biographical facts, and at the same time, as the title imports, a collection of some of the finer passages in Modern Christian Biography.

A few lines will suffice to point out the scope and tendency of the Epitome here presented of various noble lives; of the choice passages drawn from the pages of their biographers; and of the extracts from the letters and writings of the individuals themselves.

Modern Christian Biography occupies a higher place in the estimation of thoughtful people than merely fictitious narrative, however ably written. The reason is obvious. Actions really performed, sufferings and difficulties actually endured and overcome, by aid of the noblest principles that can influence humanity, must always claim more attention, and awaken a deeper interest, than those which have their birth only in the imagination.

The following pages exhibit numerous highly interesting passages in the lives of eminent persons. Between many of the individuals referred to, there subsists a great diversity as respects their intellectual attainments, their professional occupations, and their favourite pursuits. This cannot fail to add to the interest with which the volume is perused; as such dissimilarity manifests the harmony and unity of Christian character and Christian principle. The work, therefore, affords an illustration of the important truth, that Christianity can shed its hallowing influence over every profession and every occupation, and can unite all who are under its dominion, how different soever their powers, their attainments, and their pursuits, in the bonds of that sacred brotherhood, where they all exhibit the same family likeness, and are one in faith, in hope, and in charity.

Thus, the salutary influence of a well-spent life is perpetuated by the written page, and is felt at once by the young and the more mature Christian. Sometimes, it may be, in times of doubt—in the sombre hours of dejection—or amidst the gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, the story of the manful struggle or patience and resignation of some one as forlorn as ourselves will cheer and sustain.

Sometimes the narrative of a noble enterprise, undertaken with slender means, but steadily kept in view, and perseveringly carried out under great difficulties, will inspire or cherish a holy zeal, exciting in us some spark of that faith which can indeed move mountains. Again, perhaps, we catch a glimpse of that important habit of self-searching which purifies and steels the character; that constant, stern, introspection which scans our motives and elevates our aims—seeking to retrieve the past by improving the present, thus leading up to that height of spiritual effort, where, in the placid “communion of saints,” and beholding more clearly the Divine excellence, whilst striving to attain to it, the earnest believer arrives at that peace “which passeth all understanding.”

Above all, in every truly Christian life we find the grand lesson of prayerfulness, and the benefits of a close, thorough knowledge of Scripture—that daily duty of acquaintance with the sacred page, which, if faithfully observed, becomes an hourly comfort. In these days of many books and much reading, of eager ambition and anxious endeavour, it is very needful to inculcate and impress, by every possible means, and more especially by help of the light of the past, and the record of its hard-won ex-

perience, these cardinal rules of the Christian life. So shall we wisely remember, that "in quietness and in confidence" shall be our strength. For although "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous ; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

In fine, we are here taught the old yet ever-bright truth, that "all things work together for good to them that love God!"

FAVOURITE PASSAGES

IN

MODERN CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.

RICHARD CECIL.

RICHARD CECIL's father was a dyer in London, and possessed an extensive and lucrative business; but although a man of high intelligence and liberal education, he was not remarkable for any very decided religious sentiments. His mother, however—who was a niece of the Rev. Dr Benjamin Grosvenor—was a woman of great personal piety, and corresponding excellence of character. Richard Cecil was the child of her old age. He was born when his mother had passed her fiftieth year. He was the child, too, of many prayers and many tears,—of prayers which were remarkably heard; of tears not shed in vain.

It was his father's earnest desire that he would devote himself to business; but Richard Cecil could not bring himself to engage in trade, and occupied himself entirely in literary studies, and in pursuits connected with the fine arts. He evinced especially great taste for the art of painting, his love of which

amounted to a passion, and he devoted a large portion of his time to the study and practice requisite to improve in it. During this period of his early life, not only had he no religious impressions, but he had fallen into the depths of sin, nay, he was a professed infidel, delighting in ridiculing the Christian faith, and by his singular ability extremely successful in instilling his vicious principles into the minds of others.

What grief and mourning must have been thus caused to his excellent and pious mother! With what earnestness must she have poured out her soul to God, for the redemption of a beloved child who thus seemed utterly lost! But there are many gracious promises given to the prayers and efforts of parental love: the good seed sown in the soil of the youthful heart by a tender mother's hand, although it may remain for a time buried and unproductive, frequently springs up in after years, affords an ample return, and the "bread cast upon the waters is found after many days." In Mr Cecil's instance, his mother's work and labour of love did not prove in vain. She had early laboured, both by precept and example, to impress his mind with the value and excellence of divine things, and her endeavours had been far from fruitless, for they had led him to secret prayer, although subsequently all his serious impressions faded away, and he became abandoned to iniquity. The time nevertheless at length arrived when his mother's prayers and efforts

were to meet their reward, in her son's complete awakening from his spiritual torpor.

"Lying one night in bed," observes his biographer, "he was contemplating the case of his mother. 'I see,' said he within himself, 'two unquestionable facts. First, my mother is greatly afflicted in circumstances, body, and mind, and yet I see that she cheerfully bears up under all, by the support she derives from constantly retiring to her closet and her Bible. Secondly, that she has a secret spring of comfort of which I know nothing; while I who give an unbounded loose to my appetites, and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or never find it. If, however, there is any such secret in religion, why may not I attain it as well as my mother? I will immediately seek it of God.' He instantly rose in his bed and began to pray. But he was soon damped in his attempt, by recollecting that much of his mother's comfort seemed to arise from her faith in Christ. 'Now,' thought he, 'this Christ I have ridiculed; he stands much in my way, and can form no part of my prayers.' In utter confusion of mind, therefore, he lay down again. Next day, however, he continued to pray to the 'Supreme Being;' he began to consult books, and to attend to preachers; his difficulties were gradually removed, his objections answered, and his course of life began to amend. He now listened to the pious admonitions of his mother, which he had before affected to receive with pride and scorn, yet they

had fixed themselves in his heart like a barbed arrow; and though the effects were at the time concealed from her observation, yet tears would fall from his eyes as he passed along the streets, from the impression she had left on his mind. Now he would discourse with her, and hear her without outrage, which led her to hope that a gracious principle was forming in his heart, and more especially as he then attended the preaching of the Word." Thus he made some progress; but felt no small difficulty in separating from his favourite connections. Light, however, broke into his mind, till he gradually discovered that Jesus Christ, so far from "standing in his way," was the "only Way, the Truth, and the Life to all that came unto God by him." Under such impressions of divine things, Mr Cecil proceeded to Oxford, entering Queen's College on the 19th of May, 1773. He was ordained in due time, and entered on his ministerial labours.

After obtaining a temporary engagement in Leicestershire, Mr Cecil was appointed to two small livings in the County of Sussex. His infirm health, however, rendered it necessary for him to remove to London, where for several years it pleased divine Providence to fix the scene of his subsequent usefulness. In 1800 he was prevailed upon to accept the livings of Chobham and Bisley, where the same remarkable success with which he had previously been blessed continued to follow his labours. Mr Cecil died in 1810.

The sound judgment, sterling piety, and remarkable eloquence with which this excellent man was endowed render it a matter of deep regret that so small a portion of his writings has been preserved. During his last illness he exacted a promise from Mrs Cecil, that after his decease all his MSS. should be destroyed, and it was with great reluctance that he yielded to her request, that one fragment might be spared. From this portion of his writings we make the following miscellaneous extracts on the subject of the Holy Scriptures :—

“ I am an entire disciple of Butler. He calls his book ‘Analogy;’ but the great subject from beginning to end is human ignorance. Berkeley has done much to reduce man to a right view of his attainments in real knowledge; but he goes too far: he requires a demonstration of self-evident truths: he requires to demonstrate that that table is before me. Beattie has well replied to this error, in his ‘Immutability of Truth;’ though it pleased Mr Hume to call that book—‘Philosophy for the Ladies.’ ”

“Metaphysicians seem born to puzzle and confound mankind. I am surprised to hear men talk of their having demonstrated such and such points. Even Andrew Baxter, one of the best of these metaphysicians, though he reasons and speculates well, has not demonstrated to my mind one single point by

his reasonings. They know nothing at all on the subject of moral and religious truth beyond what God has revealed. I am so deeply convinced of this, that I can sit by and smile at the fancies of these men; and especially when they fancy they have found out demonstrations. Why, there are demonstrators, who will carry the world before them; till another man rises, who demonstrates the very opposite, and then, of course, the world follows him!

"We are mere mites creeping on the earth, and oftentimes conceited mites too. If any Superior Being will condescend to visit us and teach us, something may be known. 'Has God spoken to man?' This is the most important question that can be asked. All ministers should examine this matter to the foundation. Many are culpably negligent therein. But when this has been done, let there be no more questionings and surmises. My son is not, perhaps, convinced that I am entitled to be his teacher. Let us try. If he finds that he knows more than I do—well: if he finds that he knows nothing, and submits—I am not to renew this conviction in his mind every time he chooses to require me to do so.

"If any honest and benevolent man felt scruples in his breast concerning revelation, he would hide them there, and would not move wretched men from the only support which they can have in this world. I am thoroughly convinced of the want of

real integrity and benevolence in all infidels. And I am as thoroughly convinced of the want of real belief of the Scriptures, in most of those who profess to believe them.

“Metaphysicians can unsettle things, but they can erect nothing. They can pull down a church, but they cannot build a hovel. The Hutchinsonians have said the best things about the metaphysicians. I am no Hutchinsonian; yet I see that they have data, and that there is something worth proving in what they assert.”

“Principle is to be distinguished from prejudice. The man who should endeavour to weaken my belief of the truth of the Bible, and of the fair deduction from it of the leading doctrines of religion, under the notion of their being prejudices, should be regarded by me as an assassin. He stabs me in my dearest hopes; he robs me of my solid happiness; and he has no equivalent to offer. This species of evidence of the truth and value of Scripture is within the reach of all men. It is my strongest. It assures me as fully as a voice could from heaven, that my principles are not prejudices. I see in the Bible my heart and the world painted to the life; and I see just that provision made, which is competent to the highest ends and effects on this heart and this world.”

“The Bible resembles an extensive and highly

cultivated garden, where there is a vast variety and profusion of fruits and flowers, some of which are more essential or more splendid than others; but there is not a blade suffered to grow in it which has not its use and beauty in the system. Salvation for sinners, is the grand truth presented everywhere, and in all points of light; but 'the pure in heart' sees a thousand traits of the divine character, of himself, and of the world—some striking and bold, others cast as it were into the shade, and designed to be searched for and examined—some direct, others by way of intimation or inference."

"He who reads the Scriptures only in the translation, is but meanly prepared as a public teacher. The habit of reading the Scriptures in the original throws a new light and sense over numberless passages. The original has, indeed, been obtruded so frequently, and sometimes so absurdly, on the hearers, that their confidence in the translation has been shaken. The judicious line of conduct herein is to think with the wise, and talk with the vulgar—to attain, as far as possible, and by all means, the true sense and force of every passage, and, wherever that differs from the received translation, work it in imperceptibly, that the hearers may be instructed while they receive no prejudice against that form in which they enjoy the Scriptures."

"No man will preach the gospel so freely as the

Scriptures preach it, unless he will submit to talk like an Antinomian, in the estimation of a great body of Christians; nor will any man preach it so practically as the Scriptures, unless he will submit to be called, by as large a body, an Arminian. Many think that they find a middle path; which is, in fact, neither one thing nor another; since it is not the incomprehensible, but grand plan of the Bible. It is somewhat of human contrivance. It savours of human poverty and littleness."

"Were the Scriptures required to supply a direct answer to every question, which even a sincere inquirer might ask, it would be impracticable. They form, even now, a large volume. The method of instruction adopted in them is therefore this:—The rule is given—the doctrine is stated—examples are brought forward—cases in point, which illustrate the rule and the doctrine; and this is found sufficient for every upright and humble mind."

"The simple and unprejudiced study of the Bible, is the death of religious extravagance. Many read it under a particular bias of mind. They read books written by others under the same views. Their preaching and conversation run in the same channel. If they could awaken themselves from this state, and come to read the whole Scriptures for everything which they could find there, they would start as from a dream—amazed at the humble, meek, for-

bearing, holy, heavenly character of the simple religion of the Scriptures, to which, in a greater or less degree, their eyes had been blinded."

"The right way of interpreting Scripture is to take it as we find it, without any attempt to force it into any particular system. Whatever may be fairly inferred from Scripture we need not fear to insist on. Many passages speak the language of what is called Calvinism, and that in almost the strongest terms. I would not have a man clip and curtail these passages to bring them down to some system; let him go with them in their free and full sense; for otherwise, if he do not absolutely pervert them, he will attenuate their energy. But let him look at as many more, which speak the language of Arminianism, and let him go all the way with these also. God has been pleased thus to state and to leave the thing; and all our attempts to distort it, one way or the other, are puny and contemptible.

"A man may find much amusement in the Bible—variety of prudential instruction—abundance of sublimity and poetry; but if he stops there, he stops short of its great end—for 'the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.' The grand secret in the study of the Scriptures is to discover Jesus Christ therein, 'the way, the truth, and the life.'"

"In reading the Scriptures, we are apt to think God farther removed from us than from the persons

to whom he spake therein: the knowledge of God will rectify this error; as if God could be farther from us than from them. In reading the Old Testament especially, we are apt to think that the things spoken there, in the prophet Hosea, for instance, have little relation to us; the knowledge taught by Christian experience will rectify this error; as if religion were not always the same sort of transaction between God and the soul."

"There are two different ways of treating the truths of the gospel—the scientific and the simple. It was seriously given me in charge, when I first entered into the ministry, by a female who attended my church, that I should study Baxter's 'Catholic Theology.' I did so; but the best idea that I acquired from this labour was, that the most sagacious and subtle men can make out little beyond the plain, obvious, and broad statement of truth in the Scriptures. I should think it a very proper and suitable punishment for a conceited and pragmatical dogmatist, to oblige him to digest that book. Another great truth, indeed, we may gather from it; and that is, that the intemperate men on either side are very little aware of the consequences which may be legitimately drawn from their principles. Even Dr Owen has erred. I would not compare him, in this respect, with Baxter; for he has handled his points with far greater wisdom and simplicity: yet he errs *ex abundanti*. He attempts

to make out things with more accuracy, and clearness, and system, than the Bible will warrant. The Bible scorns to be treated scientifically. After all your accurate statements it will leave you aground. The Bible does not come round and ask our opinion of its contents. It proposes to us a constitution of grace, which we are to receive though we do not wholly comprehend it. Numberless questions may be started on the various parts of this constitution. Much of it I cannot understand, even of what respects myself; but I am called to act on it. And this is agreeable to analogy. My child will ask me questions on the fitness or unfitness of what I enjoin, but I silence him: 'You are not yet able to comprehend this; your business is to believe me, and obey me.' But the schoolmen will not be satisfied with this view of things; yet they can make nothing out satisfactorily. They have their *de re* and their *de nomine*; but nothing is gained by these attempts at clearness and nice distinctions. These very accurate men, who think they adjust everything with precision, cannot agree among one another, and do little else than puzzle plainer minds."

"Whatever definitions men have given of religion, I can find none so accurately descriptive of it as this—that it is such a belief of the Bible as maintains a living influence on the heart. Men may speculate, criticise, admire, dispute about, doubt, or believe the Bible; but the religious man is such

because he so believes it, as to carry habitually a practical sense of its truths on his mind."

"The fears of the general class of Christians are concerned about the superstructure of religion; but those of speculative minds chiefly relate to the foundation. The less thinking man doubts whether he is on the foundation; he whose mind is of a more intellectual turn doubts concerning the foundation itself. I have met with many of these speculative cases. Attacks of this nature are generally sudden. A suspicion will, by surprise, damp the heart, and, for a time, will paint the Bible as a fable. I have found it useful on such occasions to glance over the whole thread of Scripture. The whole, presented in such a view, brings back the mind to its proper tone; the indelible characters of simplicity and truth impress with irresistible effect that heart which can discern them as having once felt them."

ANDREW FULLER.

FEW writers have made more valuable contributions to theological literature than Andrew Fuller; and whether we regard him as an author, a preacher of the gospel, or a private Christian, few men have been more successful in obtaining the respect and affection of their contemporaries, or the gratitude and veneration of posterity. This excellent man was born at Wicken, a small village near Soham, on the 6th February, 1754. His father was a farmer, and although in comparatively humble circumstances, greatly esteemed for the excellence of his character. Andrew Fuller followed his father's occupation till he was about twenty years of age, and notwithstanding the instruction he had received from his parents, and the admirable example by which that instruction was enforced, his character and conduct were far from being exemplary. He had contracted from some dissolute companions a habit of swearing and a disregard for truth, which filled them with distress and anxiety. Happily, however, their pious efforts were not wholly lost; the impressions which they had made on his mind were revived, and instead of pursuing the downward course he had begun, he stopped short in his career of folly, and by the salutary change of his conduct afforded unquestionable evidence of his

being savingly affected by the influences of gospel truth. He now abandoned his occupation as a farmer, devoted himself to the study of theology, and ultimately became pastor of the Baptist Church at Soham, exhibiting, notwithstanding the defects of his early education, the most remarkable fitness for the office of a Christian teacher. Mr Fuller gives the following account of the happy change which had been effected in his life before he devoted himself to the ministry :—

“Notwithstanding various convictions and transient affections, I was pressing on in a lamentable career of wickedness; but, about the autumn of 1769, my convictions revisited me, and brought on such a concern about my everlasting welfare, as issued, I trust, in real conversion.

“It was my common practice, after the business of the day was over, to get into bad company in the evening, and when there I indulged in sin without restraint. But, after persisting in this course for some time, I began to be very uneasy, particularly in a morning when I first awoke. It was almost as common for me to be seized with keen remorse at this hour, as it was to go into vain company in the evening. At first I began to make vows of reformation, and this, for the moment, would afford a little ease; but as the temptations returned, my vows were of no account. It was an enlightened conscience only that was on the side of God: my heart was still averse to everything that

was spiritual or holy. For several weeks I went on in this way, vowing, and breaking my vows, reflecting on myself for my evil conduct, and yet continually repeating it.

"It was not now, however, as heretofore; my convictions followed me up closely. I could not, as formerly, forget these things, and was therefore a poor miserable creature: like a drunkard, who carouses in the evening, but mopes about the next day like one half dead.

"One morning (I think in November, 1769), I walked out by myself, with an unusual load of guilt upon my conscience. The remembrance of my sin, not only on the past evening, but for a long time back; the breach of my vows, and the shocking termination of my former hopes and affections, all uniting together, formed a burden which I knew not how to bear. The reproaches of a guilty conscience seemed like the gnawing worm of hell. I thought surely that must be an earnest of hell itself. The fire and brimstone of the bottomless pit seemed to burn within my bosom. I do not write in the language of exaggeration. I now know that the sense which I then had of the evil of sin and the wrath of God was very far short of the truth, but yet it seemed more than I was able to sustain. In reflecting upon my broken vows, I saw that there was no truth in me. I saw that God would be perfectly just in sending me to hell, and that to hell I must go, unless I were saved of mere grace,

and, as it were, in spite of myself. I felt that, if God were to forgive me all my past sins, I should again destroy my soul, and that in less than a day's time. I never before knew what it was to feel myself an odious lost sinner, standing in need of both pardon and purification. Yet, though I needed these blessings, it seemed presumption to hope for them, after what I had done. I was absolutely helpless, and seemed to have nothing about me that ought to excite the pity of God, or that I could reasonably expect should do so; but everything disgusting to him, and provoking to the eyes of his glory. 'What have I done? what must I do?' These were my inquiries, perhaps ten times over. Indeed, I knew not what to do. I durst not promise amendment, for I saw that such promises were self-deception. To hope for forgiveness, in the course that I was in, was the height of presumption; and to think of Christ, after having so basely abused his grace, seemed too much. So I had no refuge. At one moment I thought of giving myself up to despair. 'I may,' said I, within myself, 'even return and take my fill of sin; I can but be lost.' This thought made me shudder at myself. My heart revolted. What, thought I, give up Christ, and hope, and heaven! Those lines of Ralph Erskine's then occurred to my mind:—

"'But say, if all the gusts
 And grains of love be spent,
 Say, Farewell Christ, and Welcome lusts! .0
 Stop, stop: I melt, I faint.' ause

I could not bear the thought of plunging myself into endless ruin.

"It is difficult, at this distance of time, to recollect with precision the minute workings of my mind; but, as near as I can remember, I was like a man drowning, looking every way for help, or rather catching for something by which he might save his life. I tried to find whether there were any hope in the divine mercy—any in the Saviour of sinners; but felt repulsed by the thought of mercy having been so basely abused already. In this state of mind, as I was moving slowly on, I thought of the resolution of Job: 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' I paused, and repeated the words over and over. Each repetition seemed to kindle a ray of hope mixed with a determination, if I might, to cast my perishing soul upon the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, to be both pardoned and purified; for I felt that I needed the one as much as the other.

"I was not then aware that any poor sinner had a warrant to believe in Christ for the salvation of his soul, but supposed there must be some kind of qualification to entitle him to do it; yet I was aware I had no qualification. On a review of my resolution at that time, it seems to resemble that of Esther, who went into the king's presence contrary to the law, and at the hazard of her life. Like her, I seemed reduced to extremities, impelled by dire necessity to run all hazards, even though I should
he. wish in the attempt. Yet it was not altogether

from a dread of wrath that I fled to this refuge; for I well remember that I felt something attracting in the Saviour. I must—I will—yes, I will trust my soul, my sinful lost soul, in his hands. If I perish, I perish! However it was, I was determined to cast myself upon Christ, thinking peradventure he would save my soul; and, if not, I could but be lost. In this way I continued above an hour, weeping and supplicating mercy for the Saviour's sake (my soul hath it still in remembrance, and is humbled in me): and, as the eye of the mind was more and more fixed upon him, my guilt and fears were gradually and insensibly removed.

“I now found rest for my troubled soul; and I reckon that I should have found it sooner, if I had not entertained the notion of my having no warrant to come to Christ without some previous qualification. This notion was a bar that kept me back for a time, though, through divine drawings, I was enabled to overleap it. As near as I can remember, in the early part of these exercises, when I subscribed to the justice of God in my condemnation, and thought of the Saviour of sinners, I had then relinquished every false confidence, believed my help to be only in him, and approved of salvation by grace alone, through his death; and if at that time I had known that any poor sinner might warrantably have trusted in him for salvation, I conceive I should have done so, and have found rest to my soul sooner than I did. I mention this, because

it may be the case with others, who may be kept in darkness and despondency by erroneous views of the gospel, much longer than I was.

"I think, also, I did repent of my sin in the early part of these exercises, and before I thought that Christ would accept and save my soul. I conceive that justifying God in my condemnation, and approving the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, necessarily included it; but yet I did not think at the time that this was repentance, or anything truly good. Indeed, I thought nothing about the exercises of my own mind, but merely of my guilty and lost condition, and whether there were any hope of escape for me. But, having found rest for my soul in the cross of Christ, I was now conscious of my being the subject of repentance, faith, and love. When I thought of my past life, I abhorred myself, and repented as in dust and ashes; and when I thought of the gospel way of salvation, I drank it in, as cold water is imbibed by a thirsty soul. My heart felt one with Christ, and dead to every other object around me. I had thought I had found the joys of salvation heretofore; but now I knew I had found them, and was conscious that I had passed from death unto life.

"From this time my former wicked courses were forsaken. I had no manner of desire after them. They lost their influence upon me. To those evils, a glance at which before would have set my passions in a flame, I now felt no inclination. My soul,

said I, with joy and triumph, is as a weaned child. I now knew experimentally what it was to be dead to the world by the cross of Christ, and to feel an habitual determination to devote my future life to God my Saviour; and from this time I considered the vows of God as upon me."

Soon after his appointment to his charge at Soham, Mr Fuller married Miss Sarah Gardiner, a member of his church, and a lady possessed of all those qualities which were requisite to his happiness. This event took place in December 1776. His circumstances at this time were such as to be scarcely compatible with a vigorous performance of his duties, or a successful course of study. His income was extremely limited, and in order to support his family he had recourse to business, by opening a shop. His efforts, however, were not sufficient to prevent the pecuniary embarrassment to which he was subjected, and which necessarily unfitted him to discharge his duties, as well as injured his bodily health. Indeed, the manner in which he sustained those severe trials affords of itself unquestionable evidence of the singular mental vigour with which he was endowed.

In the midst of those painful privations, he was invited to become the pastor of the Baptist Church at Kettering, and this invitation, after considerable reluctance, he accepted, removing to Kettering in 1782. Ten years afterwards, it pleased divine Providence to remove from him his beloved wife,

after a lingering illness, and although he subsequently married a second time, he had no small share of affliction to sustain. The conduct of his son Robert occasioned him the deepest grief and anguish. The young man had been apprenticed in London, but he proved so unsteady that he was obliged to leave his employment. He then enlisted, but was discharged on the ground of being an apprentice, and having subsequently entered the Marines, he was liberated from the service by his father's efforts. Neither his father's entreaties or exhortations had any influence upon him; and as he seemed bent upon a seafaring life, arrangements were made for his joining a merchant vessel. Before this could be effected, however, he fell into the hands of a pressgang, and was carried on board a man-of-war. The unhappy youth at last died at sea, in 1809, after having undergone many vicissitudes, and this event, terminating a career such as his had been, filled his father's heart with the deepest sorrow.

Notwithstanding such afflictions, Mr Fuller still continued to labour amidst his flock, to pursue his favourite studies, to prepare his works for the press, and to project and carry out various schemes of Christian philanthropy. The Baptist Society for the Propagation of the Gospel owed its existence to him and a few zealous friends; and although the impediments and obstacles they met with at the outset were of the most formidable description, they

continued their efforts with unremitting energy and perseverance. The funds requisite to such undertakings as this society had in view, could be raised only by the most earnest and incessant labour, and to this Mr Fuller devoted himself, advocating the cause of the society in many parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and happily with no inconsiderable success. In addition to the personal toil arising from this indispensable advocacy, there was an extensive correspondence to be maintained, and various arrangements to be made from time to time, the principal burden of which devolved almost wholly on Mr Fuller, who, as the sphere of the society's labours extended itself, underwent a degree of toil, physical and mental, which it would be difficult fully to estimate. Independently of the exertion requisite to procure adequate funds, the special arrangements of the various missions, the encountering and removing of obstacles to their progress, the sending out of suitable missionaries, and the necessity of supporting the society's claims through the instrumentality of the press, would have constituted an amount of duty more than sufficient of itself for any one individual. It was no wonder, therefore, that, notwithstanding all his mental activity and energy of character, his abundant and incessant labours proved too much for him. His health at length gave way, and he died on the 7th of May, 1814, deeply regretted not only by those of his own denomination, but by all sin-

cere Christians of every church. The celebrated Robert Hall preached his funeral sermon, and referred to his lamented friend as "a man whose sagacity enabled him to penetrate to the depths of every subject he explored; whose conceptions were so powerful and luminous, that what was recondite and original appeared familiar, what was intricate, easy and perspicuous, in his hands; equally successful in enforcing the practical, in stating the theoretical, and discussing the polemical branches of theology. Without the advantages of early education, he rose to high distinction among the religious writers of his day, and in the midst of a most active and laborious life, left monuments of his piety and genius which will survive to distant posterity. Were I making his eulogium, I should necessarily dwell on the spotless integrity of his private life, his fidelity in friendship, his neglect of self-interest, his ardent attachment to truth, and especially the series of his unceasing labours and exertions in superintending the mission to India. He had nothing feeble or indecisive in his character; but to every undertaking in which he engaged he brought all the powers of his understanding, all the energies of his heart; and, if he were less distinguished by the comprehension than the acumen and solidity of his thoughts, less eminent for the gentler graces than for stern integrity and native grandeur of mind, we have only to remember the necessary limitation of human excellence. While he endeared himself to

his denomination by a long course of most useful labour, by his excellent works on the Socinian and Deistical controversies, as well as his devotion to the cause of missions, he laid the world under lasting obligations."

In the memoir of Mr Toller by the same eloquent writer, appears a masterly comparison of the peculiarities of both:—

"It has rarely been the privilege of one town, and that not of considerable extent, to possess, at the same time, and for so long a period, two such eminent men as Mr Toller and Mr Fuller. Their merits as Christian ministers were so equal, and yet so different, that the exercise of their religious functions in the same place was as little adapted to produce jealousy as if they had moved in distant spheres. The predominant feature in the intellectual character of Mr Fuller was the power of discrimination by which he detected the minutest shades of difference among objects which most minds would confound. Mr Toller excelled in exhibiting the common sense of mankind in a new and impressive form. Mr Fuller never appeared to so much advantage as when occupied in detecting sophistry, repelling objections, and ascertaining, with a microscopic accuracy, the exact boundaries of truth and error. Mr Toller attached his attention chiefly to those parts of Christianity which came most into contact with the imagination and the feelings, over which he exerted a sovereign ascendancy. Mr Ful-

ler convinced by his arguments, Mr Toller subdued by his pathos ; the former made his hearers feel the grasp of his intellect, the latter the contagion of his sensibility. Mr Fuller's discourses identified themselves after they were heard with trains of thought ; Mr Toller's with trains of emotion. The illustrations employed by Mr Fuller, for he also excelled in illustration, were generally made to subserve the clearer comprehension of his subject ; those of Mr Toller consisted chiefly of appeals to the imagination and the heart. Mr Fuller's ministry was peculiarly adapted to detect hypocrites, to expose fallacious pretensions to religion, and to separate the precious from the vile. Mr Toller was most in his element when exhibiting the consolations of Christ, dispelling the fears of death, and painting the prospects of eternity. Both were original ; but the originality of Mr Fuller appeared chiefly in his doctrinal statements ; that of Mr Toller in his practical remarks. The former was unquestionably most conversant with speculative truth ; the latter possessed, perhaps, the deeper insight into the human heart.

"Nor were the characters of these eminent men, within the limits of that moral excellence which was the attribute of both, less diversified than their mental endowments. Mr Fuller was chiefly distinguished by the qualities that command veneration ; Mr Toller by those which excite love. Laborious, zealous, intrepid, Mr Fuller passed through a thou-

sand obstacles in the pursuit of objects of public interest and utility; Mr Toller loved to repose, delighting and delighted, in the shade of domestic privacy. The one lived for the world; the other for the promotion of the good of his congregation, his family, and friends. An intense zeal for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, sustained by industry that never tired, a resolution not to be shaken, and integrity incapable of being warped, conjoined to a certain austerity of manner, were the leading characteristics of Mr Fuller; gentleness, humility, and modesty, those of Mr Toller. Mr Fuller attached, in my opinion, too much importance to a speculative accuracy of sentiment, while Mr Toller leaned to the contrary extreme. Mr Fuller was too prone to infer the character of men from their creed; Mr Toller to lose sight of their creed in their character.

“Between persons so dissimilar, it was next to impossible a very close and confidential intimacy should subsist: a sincere admiration of each other’s talents, and esteem for the virtues which equally adorned them both, secured, without interruption, for more than thirty years, those habits of kind and respectful intercourse which had the happiest effect in promoting the harmony of their connections, and the credit of religion.

“Much as Mr Fuller was lamented by the religious public in general, and especially in his own denomination, I have reason to believe there was

not a single individual, out of the circle of his immediate relatives, who was more deeply affected by his death than Mr Toller. From that moment he felt himself nearer to eternity; he accepted the event as a most impressive warning of his own dissolution; and, while a thousand solemn and affecting recollections accompanied the retrospect of a connection which had so long and so happily subsisted, one of his favourite occupations was to revive a mental intercourse, by the frequent perusal of the sermons of his deceased friend. It is thus that the friendship of high and sanctified spirits loses nothing by death but its alloy; failings disappear, and the virtues of those whose 'faces we shall behold no more' appear greater and more sacred when beheld through the shades of the sepulchre."

From Mr Wilberforce the following brief reference was received by a friend of Mr Fuller:—"But all this time I have been thinking of our departed friend; for ours, not yours, I must term him; at least, it will go ill with me and with any one who does not belong to that blessed society to which he belongs. There is a part of his works, 'The Gospel its own Witness,' which is enough to warm the coldest heart."

'The pen of his friend Dr Stuart has exhibited his character in some points of view scarcely touched upon in the preceding delineations. "He was distinguished by talents rarely united, by strong reasoning powers, and a very vivid and inventive imagina-

tion, accompanied with the more unusual attendants of extreme diligence, application, activity, and perseverance. His conceptions were clear and precise, his language perspicuous and animated. Though no orator, if graceful action and melody of voice are requisite in one so deemed, he yet possessed a force, a vehemence, and a tenderness also of address, which qualified him to rouse and awaken as well as persuade, indeed, to soothe and plead in pathetic tones, the effect of which has been witnessed in audiences of all descriptions. Perhaps more beautiful instances will not anywhere be found of picturesque writing than several parts present of his 'Expository Discourses on Genesis;' the reference here is chiefly to his remarks on the history of Joseph. Let the reader judge if he does not display here singular felicity of taste, and very skilful disposition, arrangement and selection of circumstances worked up, but not artfully, so as to excite the most affecting feelings in every susceptible mind. His usual conversation with his friends was rich, profitable, and interesting in no common degree; and had they followed the example of Lauterbach and Aurifaber with respect to Martin Luther, or of Boswell towards Johnson, preserved in writing memorandums of his daily discourse, perhaps instruction as interesting might now be laid before the public, and even entertainment as rich and inviting, as the 'Colloquia Mensalia' of the former, or the life and conversation of the latter. His natural

temper, although it might have been thought *deficient in what is amiable* by some who *have smarted perhaps under his castigation, not undeservedly*, to his friends was not only agreeable but captivating, and productive of the warmest attachment; and by his friends I mean not those only whose sentiments were the same as his in all respects."

To these testimonies of friendship may be appropriately added that of his bereaved widow in a letter to Dr Ryland:—

"I think, dear sir, there was no one better acquainted with the dear deceased, in his public character, than yourself; we can, therefore, give you no information on that head; but far be it from me to wish it to be held up in the style of panegyric. I am certain that would have ill accorded with his sentiments and feelings; and I know that this may be safely left to your discretion. But I cannot forbear adding my testimony to my late dear husband's conduct in his domestic character; which, so far as his mind was at liberty to indulge in such enjoyments, I must testify to have been, ever since I had the happiness of being united to him, of the most amiable and endearing kind. But to so great a degree was he absorbed in his work, as scarcely to allow himself any leisure or relaxation from the severest application; especially since, of late years, his work so accumulated on his hands. I was sometimes used to remark, how much we were occupied,

for, indeed, I had no small share of care devolved upon me in consequence; his reply usually was, 'Ah, my dear, the way for us to have any joy is to rejoice in all our labour, and then we shall have plenty of joy.' If I complained that he allowed himself no time for recreation, he would answer, 'Oh no; all my recreation is a change of work.' If I expressed an apprehension that he would soon wear himself out, he would reply, 'I cannot be worn out in a better cause. We must work while it is day;' or, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'

"There was a degree of bluntness in his manner, which yet did not arise from an unsociable or churlish disposition, but from an impatience of interruption in the grand object of his pursuit. In this sense, he seemed not to know his relations or friends. Often, when a friend or an acquaintance on a journey has called, when they had exchanged a few words, he would ask, 'Have you anything more to say?' or something to that effect; 'if not, I must beg to be excused;' at the same time, asking them to stay and take some refreshment, if they chose. Yet you know, dear sir, he had a heart formed for the warmest and sincerest friendship with those whose minds were congenial with his own, and who were engaged in similar pursuits; and I never knew him to be weary of their company. I am fully persuaded that my dear husband fell a sacrifice to his unremitting application to the concerns

of the mission; but I dare not murmur. The Lord has done as it pleased him; and I know that whatever he does is right."

An anecdote or two may serve to illustrate some peculiar features of his character. Speaking of Dr Franklin as an example of a philosopher:—

"Well," said Mr Fuller, "what do you call a philosopher, or in what respect was he one?" "Oh, he seems to have made rules for himself in childhood, which regulated him even in old age." Mr Fuller replied, "If this be any mark of a philosopher, you will make me one. My father was a farmer, and in my younger days it was one great boast among the ploughmen, that they could plough a straight line across the furrows or ridges of a field. I thought I could do this as well as any of them. One day, I saw such a line, which had just been drawn, and I thought, 'Now I have it.' Accordingly, I laid hold of the plough, and, putting one of the horses into the furrow which had been made, I resolved to keep him walking in it, and thus secure a parallel line. By and by, however, I observed that there were what might be called wriggles in this furrow; and, when I came to them, they turned out to be larger in mine than in the original. On perceiving this, I threw the plough aside, and determined never to be an imitator."

The late Mr Hinton, of Oxford, relates of him, that passing down some of the college walks in that

university, his attention was directed to the grandeur of the buildings. "Brother," said he, "I think there is one question which, after all that has been written on it, has not yet been answered: 'What is justification?' Mr Hinton proposed returning to discuss the subject; to which Mr Fuller agreed, adding, "that inquiry is far more to me than all those fine buildings." Yet he was far from being insensible to these memorials of genius, still less to the charms of natural scenery, as his graphic allusions to York, Lincoln, Stirling, and many other places referred to in his letters to Mrs Fuller, evince.

Though Mr Fuller's celebrity was chiefly derived from his writings, his preaching was characterised by great power, which resulted not less from a tender pathos both of tone and sentiment, than from the unaffected gravity and authority which distinguished it. As an expositor of the Scriptures he was singularly happy, both in the light which he shed on difficult passages, and the rich evangelical unction which attended his application of them. During his ministry he went over the greater part of the Old and New Testaments. His expositions of Genesis and the Revelation are all that remain, with the exception of some fragments which appeared in various periodicals, which, with numberless other communications, are comprised in his published works. The comment on the Apocalypse does not appear to have thrown much additional

light on that prophecy. A volume of sermons published in 1814, some of which had appeared singly in preceding years, afford a favourable specimen of the originality, simplicity, and power of his pulpit labours.

ADOLPHE MONOD.

DR ADOLPHE MONOD was the son of the late Rev. John Monod of Paris, and one of a large family of brothers and sisters, many of whom still survive him. Three of his brothers have been like himself distinguished for their success and eloquence as preachers of the gospel. After having been educated at home, he presented himself for examination—in accordance with the liberal and judicious practice which prevails in France—at one of the colleges of Paris, and received his diploma as Bachelor of Letters. He afterwards pursued his theological studies at the University of Geneva, and commencing his clerical career, became chaplain to the Prussian embassy at Naples, whence he was called to be one of the pastors of the National Protestant Church in Lyons in France.

In this important field of labour, his great abilities soon made him widely known and extremely popular. Nor can this be a matter of surprise, when we consider the remarkable qualities with which he was endowed. Although not a large man, or possessed of a commanding presence, he was peculiarly suited to excel in the eloquence of the pulpit. His scholarship was accurate and extensive, his style singularly beautiful and perspi-

cuous, and his discourses, which were composed with the utmost care, were delivered with a voice which was melody itself.

Excellent as his gifts for pulpit oratory were, Dr Monod's theological views, when he first settled at Lyons, were not in strict accordance with a truly evangelical system. It was not long, however, before, through divine grace, he was enabled to perceive and to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus. He beheld Christ in his Divine as well as in his Human nature, and recognised him as the only Mediator between God and men. As the necessary consequence, his preaching underwent a vast change, and the result was similar to that which has so frequently been manifested in the history of Christianity. Many of the rich and worldly among his congregation were astonished and offended not only at his doctrines, but at the plainness with which he pressed those doctrines upon them. The dissatisfaction soon spread, and Dr Monod, unable to make any alteration on those views of the accuracy of which he was thoroughly convinced, found it requisite to resign his charge, and open a place of worship in which he should be at liberty to proclaim the whole counsel of God. Nothing could be more successful than this step; for, although at first only a few poor people attended upon his ministry in a private house, the congregation speedily increased to several hundreds, and a chapel was at length erected in a central part of the city.

In 1836, Dr Monod received from Baron Petit, who was Minister of Public Instruction under Louis Philippe, an appointment to the Chair of Sacred Eloquence in the Theological Seminary at Montauban, an institution connected with the National Reformed Church of France. The duties of this professorship he discharged for several years with great ability, finding leisure at the same time for the production of some of his most valuable publications. But he did not restrict his labours only to those which related to his chair, or to the press. During his vacations he visited Paris and other important cities, or occupied himself in making missionary tours in the southern provinces of France, and wherever he preached, his ministry was attended by multitudes of people. The last eight or nine years of his life were spent in the French capital, where he devoted himself with great effect to the preaching of the gospel, and, by the divine blessing, greatly contributed to spread the influence of evangelical truth throughout the ecclesiastical body with which he was connected. Dr Monod rested from his labours in 1856, and amidst the intense bodily suffering with which he was visited, he gave triumphant testimony to the truth of those glorious doctrines he had devoted his life to proclaim. He died universally lamented by the whole Protestant community of France.

Before presenting our readers with a specimen of Dr Monod's composition, we shall cite a passage

referring to him from the pen of the Rev. Dr Baird : "I have no hesitation," says the rev. doctor, "in declaring that Adolphe Monod is the most finished orator I have heard on the Continent. Modest, humble, simple in his appearance and dress, possessing a voice which is music itself, his powerful mind, and vivid but chaste imagination, made their influence felt on the soul of every hearer in a way that is indescribable. The nearest approach to giving a true idea of it would be to say, that his eloquence is of the nature of a charm, which steals over one, and yet is so subtle, that it is not possible to say in what consists its elemental force. I have often heard Ravignan, the great Jesuit preacher in France, and Bautrin, by far the best preacher in my opinion in the Roman Catholic Church, but they were much inferior to Adolphe Monod. If Professor Vinet of Lausanne was the Pascal of the French Protestants in those days, Dr Monod was their Bossuet. But Drs Vinet and Monod were incomparably superior to Pascal and Bossuet as expounders of evangelical truth, which is, after all, the highest glory of the Christian teacher."

The following extracts are from an eloquent and admirable discourse on the Mission of Woman:—

"Am I mistaken, my sisters (it is for you to say), am I mistaken in thinking that there is nothing upon earth more in sympathy with Jesus Christ than the heart of woman? Superfluous question! Ah, no, I am not deceived, or your heart would

deny all its instincts! The Christian faith, so truly founded in the depths of humanity that it is not wonderful only because common, adapts itself so marvellously to all the needs of your moral being, that you cannot be truly woman except upon condition of receiving the Gospel. The Christian woman is not only the best of women, but at the same time most truly a woman. O, you, then, who would accomplish the humble and benevolent mission of your sex—*beneath the cross, or never!*

“Indeed, my dear sisters, the first aid which man has a right to expect from you is spiritual aid. It is little to be indebted to you for the consolation of this life of a day, if he owes not to you, so far as it is in your power, the possession of eternal life. Not only that true charity, which subordinates time to eternity, demands it of you, but justice itself, as we have shown from the Scriptures. Your sex has an original wrong to repair towards ours, and a spiritual wrong. That with which we reproach you in the fall where we have followed you, if we feel not bound to restrict our reproaches to ourselves, is not that death which you have introduced into the world, neither that embittered life which your sympathy even cannot always alleviate—it is a much greater evil, the only real and absolute evil—*Sin*, which the first man was doubtless inexcusable in committing, but which he was beguiled to commit by woman.

“Imagine Eve kneeling with Adam beside the corpse of one son murdered by the other, whom the

divine curse drives far out upon the wild and solitary earth. In sight of the visible and present fruits of sin, and with the thoughts of its invisible and future results, if the tender look of Adam said not to Eve, Give me back the favour of my God! give me back my peace with myself! give me back the days of Eden, and my sweet innocence, and my holy love for the Saviour and for thee!—doubt not that SHE said all this to herself! To her, it seemed very little to heap upon him the consolations of earth, if she could not bring to him those of heaven; and, unable to repair the wrong she had done him, she urges, she implores him to turn his weeping eyes to the Deliverer promised to repair all, to re-establish all, and to open to the fallen but reconciled race, a second Eden more beautiful than that to which the sword of the cherubims henceforth forbade entrance. If such are the sentiments of Eve, let her be blessed, although she be Eve! With this heart, Eve approximates Mary; and in the woman who ruined the world by sin, I discover already the woman who will save it by giving to it the Saviour.

“Well, now, this that she would do, do yourselves. Though no one of you has been an Eve to man, yet be each of you a Mary to him, and give him a Saviour! This, this is your task! But, if you respond not to it, refusing to pass your life in the exercise of beneficence, you shall fail of your calling; and, after having been saluted of man by the name of ‘good woman,’ ‘deaconess,’ or ‘sister of

charity,' you shall be accounted of God, 'as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.' But how can you give the Saviour to others, if you do not possess him in your own heart? Women who hear me, yet again—*beneath the cross, or never!*

"We say nothing of those holy women of the Old Testament, who died in faith before the coming of the Saviour, 'not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off and embraced them:' neither of the pious Sarah, nor of the modest Rebekah, nor of the tender Rachel, nor of the heroic Deborah, nor of the humble Ruth, nor of the sweet wife of Elkanah, nor of the prudent Abigail, nor of the intrepid Rizpah, nor of the retiring Shunamite. We confine ourselves to the women of the New Testament.

"Beneath the cross, Mary, more touching now than at the cradle, offering herself without a murmur to the sword which pierces her soul, associates herself with the sacrifice of her son by a love more sublime than any other after that of the adorable Son, and presents to us a type of the Christian woman, who knows not how to aid and to love but in keeping her eyes fixed upon 'Jesus and him crucified.' Beneath the cross, Anna the prophetess, type of the faithful woman, gives glory first, in this same temple, where 'she served God day and night with fastings and prayers,' to Him whom the aged Simon had confessed by the Spirit, and in spite of her fourscore-and-four years, renews the energy and

activity of youth 'to speak of Him unto all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem.' Beneath the cross, Mary of Bethany, type of the contemplative woman, eager for the one thing needful, and jealous of that good part, sits now at the feet of Jesus, and feeds in silence upon the word of life, and at another time, in the same silence, anoints those blessed feet with pure spikenard of great price, and wipes them with the hairs of her head, as if she could not find a token sufficiently tender of her respect and love. Beneath the cross, Martha, her sister, type of the active woman, sometimes lavishes her unwearied attentions upon a brother whom she loved, sometimes busies herself for the Saviour whom she adored, serving him in everyday life, invoking his aid in bitter suffering, and blessing him in the joy of deliverance. Beneath the cross, the Canaanitish mother, type of the persevering woman, surpassing in faith and light those apostles whom she wearies with her cries, triumphs over the silence, refusal, disdain even, by which the Lord himself seems to contend against her invincible prayer, and wrests from him at last, with the cure so much desired, the most brilliant homage that any child of Adam ever obtained: 'O woman, great is thy faith! be it unto thee as thou wilt.' Beneath the cross, Mary Magdalene, freed from seven devils, type of the grateful woman, surpassing these same apostles in love and courage, after them at Calvary and before them at the sepulchre,

is also chosen from among them all, the first to behold her Lord as he comes forth from the tomb, and charged to carry the good news of his resurrection to those who would announce it to the world. Beneath the cross, Dorcas, 'full of good works and alms deeds,' type of the charitable woman, after a life consecrated to the relief of the poor and of the widows of Joppa, in her death shows what she was to the church by the void she left in it, and by the tears she caused to flow; and, in the same spirit, Phebe, the deaconess of Cenchrea, 'a succourer of many,' and in particular of the Apostle Paul, gives birth in all succeeding times by her example to a multitude of deaconesses, clothed or not—it little signifies—with this official title before men. Beneath the cross, Priscilla, type of the servant of Jesus Christ, shares with Aquilla, her husband, many of those perils incurred to preserve to the church of the Gentiles their great missionary, or engages in those conversations by which the faith of the eloquent Apollos was enlightened and strengthened; and, in the same spirit, Lydia hazards her life, by opening her house to the apostles, which, transformed at once into a church, becomes the centre of evangelical charity in Philippi and Macedonia.

"What more shall I say? Shall I speak of Julia, and Lois, and Enodias, and Sintyche, and Mary, and Persis, and Salome, and Tryphena, and Tryphosa, and of the many women of the Gospel,

and of so many others who have followed in their steps, the Perpetuas, the Monicas, the Mary Calamys, and the Elizabeth Frys? Beneath the cross, with the Bible in hand—this Bible to which no human creature owes more than she, both in respect to the world and to Christ—beneath the cross—it is *there* that I love to see woman! Restored to God, to man, to herself, so worthy in her submission, so noble in her humility, so strong in her gentleness, gathering all the gifts she has received to consecrate them to the service of humanity with an ardour which we hardly know how to exhibit except in passion, she obliges us to confess that she who effaced our primitive holiness, is also she who now offers of it on this apostate earth the brightest image.”

FREDERICK WILLIAM KRUMMACHER.

THE father of this eloquent and distinguished divine was Dr Frederick Adolph Krummacher, Professor of Theology and pastor of a church in Bremen. Frederick William was born at Meurs on the Lower Rhine in Germany, in January 1797. He was educated at Halle and Jena, and was remarkable for his progress and attainments in the various branches of knowledge requisite to a liberal education. His mind having been directed to the great principles of divine truth, by the writings chiefly of Gerhard Tersteegen, he devoted himself to theological study, and in 1819 was ordained as assistant minister at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. He was first settled as pastor at Ruhrort. In 1823 he was called to Barmen, and subsequently to Elberfeld, whence, after labouring successfully for many years, he removed to Berlin, at the request of the King of Prussia, taking up his residence in that city, as Court Preacher and Pastor of the Court and Garrison. Dr Krummacher, who may be justly considered one of the most eloquent divines of the present age, is the author of several works of remarkable excellence. Many of these are we doubt not familiar to our readers; we shall therefore take the following extracts, probably less

generally known, as a specimen of the style of this distinguished divine. In an eloquent sermon on Psalm xlv. 3-5, he thus expresses himself:—

“Hear what the sweet singer says in our Psalm: ‘Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof; [yet] there is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.’ Oh, what words of comfort! Are they not like a golden rainbow in the clouds, and like a float to the net, to keep it above water? They are sufficient at once to overcome all faintheartedness, and to put to flight a whole host of misgivings. It is not the word of man, but the word of God delivered by the mouth of man; and hence the power with which it is endowed. ‘Yet!’ Oh, a precious ‘yet!’ This ‘Yet’ of our God, is more than these mountains and hills, which it, in fact, renders unnecessary. If we have this ‘Yet’ in the hand of faith, what should alarm and make us uneasy? With this ‘Yet,’ we take from the storms their terrors, and from the fiery waves their fearfulness. With this ‘Yet,’ we may stand with confidence on our walls; and, however gloomy the prospect, however the thunder-clouds may lour and the deep roar, we proclaim this ‘Yet’ of our Lord; and though the storm were never so great and awful, so severe that voices should call to us on all sides, ‘You are fools, to hope where no hope is,’ we will not be con-

founded: our watchword is 'Yet, Yet;' and we answer, 'What is impossible must become possible, sooner than that the city of God shall not be glad with its streams.' He has spoken the Word, and He is the Amen.

"And now consider what unheard-of things are here promised to the congregation of God. Not only that they shall abide in the hour of temptation, and be preserved from despondency and backsliding; but they shall even be glad with their streams, and bloom yet more fair than in times of peace. There are but few rejoicing Christians, yet we learn that it is no sin to be joyful in God. He who has no occasion to mourn, may lift up his head, and need not bow it down like a bulrush. We have cause and reason enough to be glad in the Lord, and to pass through life with a joyful spirit. For what do we yet want, we who are in Christ, and in him have all that heart can desire; we who go clothed in the purple of our King, and in his robe are glorious before the eyes of God; we who know that our names are written in the book of life, and that our souls are in hands from which nothing and nobody can pluck them away; we who have the assurance that he has always loved us, and that he will keep that which we have committed to him against that day; we who are certain that all our enemies already lie vanquished under our feet, and that one day, adorned with the victor-crowns of our surety, we shall cast anchor on the golden coast of

the Promised Land? Nay, if we could, we might sit from morning till evening at the harp, and none could justly reproach us for being so glad. If we could, our whole life might be a dance, like that of David before the Ark of the Covenant; and we might be drunk with the wine of the house of God, and, as Zechariah says, 'make a noise as through wine, and be filled like bowls, and as the corners of the altar.' God would have nothing against it; he would have pleasure in it. But the eye of our faith is so dim, and the hand of our confidence takes such loose hold; we look more to ourselves than to Christ, and will not seek in him alone, but would also find something in ourselves; and hence it comes, that with all our riches we are so poor in joy; and that our treasure which we have through grace, is like a talent buried in the earth, from which we do not even get the interest; and our life is miserable, like that of a poor beggar, and yet we are told 'All is yours.'

"This wretched life, however, shall one day cease in the city of God on earth; and, wonderful to tell, just at the moment when it should seem to be only beginning in earnest—namely, when the sea around foams and rages in the height of its fury, and the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. But thus, too, it often fares with the individual Christian. When fierce temptations assail him, so that all his supports give way, and all the mountains and hills of his own power and will, and of his

own righteousness, are overthrown, so that he must wholly lean on Christ, and be content with his grace; then, and not till then, he becomes glad. And so has it fared with the church of God on earth up to this very day. Never has she blossomed more fair, never has she shone in the night with brighter splendour, than in evil days, and of the time of persecution. Read the history of the church; it is even so. The most glorious stars in the firmament of the church, the most joyful confessors of the faith, became great amid storms and tempest; and never has the Bride of the Lamb on earth stood forth more gloriously adorned than in the times of martyrdom, and of the martyrs whose footsteps still shine up to this day. Their souls were naturally weak; and when we are weak, then we are strong: then nothing remained to them but to go out of themselves, and to hide themselves in Christ; and in Christ we can do all things. And, indeed, if the Lord be ever out on the field among his people, with his Spirit and his gifts, it is in such days of distress and affliction, when the sea roars and rages, and the mountains shake. Then he opens more wide the floodgates of his divine power, and his refreshing streams flow more abundantly, and keep equal course with the sea of troubles and afflictions; the more violent the latter, the richer are the former; for the city of God shall be 'glad with its streams.'

"And so, probably, matters will not change with

the city of God in our vale; which, on the whole, actually appears right meagre, poor, and miserable, and is closely covered and hidden. Yes, truly; so long as the good days last, so long ye may go about languid and faint; so long ye may be so full of complaints with your riches, and so bowed down with your treasures, so cold in the embraces of your Bridegroom, so lukewarm and indifferent in the confession of his name; so long you are permitted to continue your disputes and dissensions, to carry on your petty wars of opinion, and to indulge in idle speculations. But I answer for it, at the first sound of the trumpet that shall announce to you the approach of the hour of temptation, at the first deluge of the waves of the great struggle, which shall break in upon our valley, everything will be suddenly changed, and the city be glad with her streams.

“Dissension will cease, and there will be a holding together and unity in love such as will astonish the world. There will be no more disputing about the restoration of all things, or whether there will be a third place, &c.; but all will regard one place only—Jesus! Jesus!—and be anxious only about complete restoration to his favour, his blood, and his wounds; and in this stronghold that which was separated will again be united. Then the covering will be removed, and the gentle dove in the clefts of the rock will be seen to soar as with eagle’s wings, and sucklings shall be as the horses capari-

soned for the battle ; and, as the prophet says, they shall devour and subdue with sling-stones. For, ' though the sea roars and is troubled, and the mountains shake, there is a river the streams whereof make glad the city of God ! ' "

ROBERT HALL.

THE name of Robert Hall will always occupy a high place among those who have been distinguished for intellectual power and brilliant genius. This very able and eloquent divine was the son of a clergyman of the Baptist communion, and was born at Arnsby, near Leicester, in May 1764. In his earliest childhood he gave proof of being endowed with uncommon ability. It is affirmed, that in his eighth year he had mastered Butler's 'Analogy' and Edward's 'Freedom of the Will,' two works, the study of which demands no inconsiderable effort even from the maturest minds. Such a statement is made on very authentic testimony, and cannot be regarded as wholly fabulous, nevertheless it is scarcely possible to receive it without some considerable limitation. In order fully to comprehend and follow out the various reasonings contained in those two celebrated books, an amount of knowledge is required which no child of eight years of age could, short of a miracle, possess; and yet it is quite conceivable that a clever child, even at that tender age, might obtain a distinct perception of the effect of many of the beautiful and striking illustrations in the "Analogy"—such, for instance, as those relating to a future life; and that

he might perceive the force of some parts of Edward's work, without being capable of fully comprehending the profound metaphysical arguments which it contains. Certain it is, however, that in the case of Robert Hall there was a most remarkable development of the intellectual powers in childhood, and although such precocity too frequently indicates a morbid state, and often issues in a commonplace, if not in an imbecile condition, such was happily not the result in this instance. The blossoms which in early life gave such abundant promise were not blighted by too much culture; and were consequently followed in mature years by an ample return of fruit. We shall now proceed to notice the principal incidents in Mr Hall's career.

The unaffected piety which he exhibited, combined with his thirst for knowledge and his studious habits, led his parents to dedicate him to the ministry of the gospel, for which his natural gifts seemed so remarkably to qualify him. He was accordingly placed under the care of the Rev. Mr Ryland, of Northampton, and afterwards he was admitted to a place in Dr Ward's foundation at Bristol, which he entered in his fifteenth year, and where he applied himself with the utmost ardour to the study of theology, and gave evidence of the possession of those oratorical powers for which he was subsequently so remarkable. From Bristol, he proceeded, in 1781, to King's College, Aberdeen, - returning to Arnsby at the close of each session,

and occasionally preaching with great effect for various ministers in the district in which his father resided. About two years after entering King's College, he accepted the situation of assistant to Dr Evans at Broadmead Church, Bristol, and entered upon his duties between the college terms of 1784 and 1785. He was shortly afterwards appointed Classical Master of the Bristol Academy, on the retirement of Mr Newton; and thus, both as an eloquent preacher and an accomplished scholar, he was elevated to a very eminent position. His church was crowded to excess, and he became the object of universal admiration, not only from his eloquence as a preacher, but on account of the zeal, ability, and learning with which he discharged his academical duties.

It is not often, however, in this mutable world, that the highest prosperity continues without some interruption. Not long after his settlement at Broadmead, an occurrence took place which not only tended to deprive Mr Hall of all the satisfaction which his success in his profession very naturally afforded him, but which threatened to inflict serious damage on the religious community with which he was connected. This was a dispute which sprung up between him and Dr Evans on a comparatively trivial subject, but which continued for nearly two years, and produced much disunion in the congregation. How long this unseemly strife would have lasted it is impossible to affirm, but it

was at length happily brought to a close, by Mr Hall's appointment as successor to Mr Robinson in the Baptist Church at Cambridge, to which charge he removed in 1790.

During his ministry at Cambridge, Mr Hall attained the zenith of his fame as a Christian orator, and at this period some of his most celebrated productions were given to the public through the press. Such was the admiration his talents excited, that the most eminent men in every profession hastened to do him honour. His church was crowded to excess, not by ordinary hearers, but by the most intellectual and learned persons in his vicinity. Not only numerous students of the university, but Tutors and Fellows, constantly attended his church during the afternoon service, recognising in Mr Hall one of the ablest and most eloquent champions of divine truth which the age had produced.

During his ministry at Cambridge, Mr Hall was visited by a painful malady, which superinduced extreme depression, resulting at last in mental aberration. This rendered it necessary that he should be placed under medical superintendence, and by judicious treatment he was happily soon restored to the full possession of his mental faculties, having been laid aside only for a year. After resuming his professional labours, he accepted the charge of a congregation in Leicester, of which the celebrated Carey of Serampore had been the pastor. Here his marriage took place, an event which gave

great satisfaction to his old and intimate friends. His courtship exhibited great eccentricity. The following account of it is understood to be authentic, although it has been related in many different ways : One day, when dining with a clerical friend, he was jested with on his state of bachelorhood. He said little on the subject, but was observed to take special notice of a servant girl who entered to replenish the fire. After dinner, while sitting alone in the study, the young woman entered the apartment with the coal-scuttle, when Mr Hall thus addressed her, " Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ ? " The girl, who was sincerely pious, taking the question as a natural one addressed to her by a minister, replied, that she hoped she did, when, to her utter astonishment, and perhaps consternation, Mr Hall fell upon his knees, and said, " Then, Betty, you must love *me*," and concluded by asking her to marry him. Betty, however, in great astonishment, quitted the room, under the impression that Mr Hall had lost his senses. But this was by no means the case, and Mr Hall declared to her master his intention of marrying the girl, who had taken his fancy by the manner in which she performed her domestic duties. The marriage thus strangely brought about took place, and was productive of much happiness to Mr Hall.

After labouring in Leicester for the long period of twenty years, Mr Hall removed to Bristol, on the death of his early friend, Dr Ryland. Bristol

had been the scene of his earliest labours in the ministry, but it cost him a severe struggle to sever the tie which bound him to his people at Leicester. "The day of separation," says Dr Gregory, "the last Sacrament-Sabbath, March 26, 1826, was a day of anguish to him and them. He went through the ordinary public duties of the day with tolerable composure; but at the sacramental service he strove in vain to conceal his emotion. In one of his addresses to the members of his church, on adverting to the pain of separation, he was so much affected that he sat down, covered his face with his hands, and wept, and they, sharing in his distress, gave unequivocal signs of the deepest feeling. Mr Eustace Carey, who was present, continued the devotional part of the service, until Mr Hall was sufficiently recovered to proceed. At the close of the solemnity the weeping became universal, and they parted, 'sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more.'"

Mr Hall had completed his sixty-first year before his removal to Bristol, and his health was undoubtedly on the wane. Everything that care and skill could effect to prolong his valuable life was resorted to, but to little purpose, and he had not completed his fifth year at Bristol when he was called from his labours, to enter upon that glorious rest which "remaineth for the people of God."

"His preaching," says an eloquent critic, "has been frequently described, but generally by those

who heard him in the decline of his powers. It came to a climax in Cambridge, and was never so powerful after his derangement. To have heard him in Cambridge, must have been a treat almost unrivalled in the history of pulpit oratory. In the prime of youth and youthful strength, 'hope still rising before him, like a fiery column, *the dark side not yet turned*;' his fancy exuberant; his language less select, perhaps, but more energetic and abundant than in later days; full of faith without fanaticism, and of ardour without excess of enthusiasm; with an eye like a coal of fire; a figure strong, erect, and not yet encumbered with corpulence; a voice not loud, but sweet, and which ever and anon 'trembled' below his glorious sentences and images, and an utterance rapid as a mountain torrent—did this young apostle stand up, and, to an audience as refined and intellectual as could then be assembled in England, 'preach Christ and him crucified.' Sentence followed sentence, each more brilliant than its forerunner, like Venus succeeding Jupiter in the sky, and Luna drowning Venus; shiver after shiver of delight followed each other through the souls of the hearers, till they wondered 'whereunto this thing should grow,' and whether they were in the body or out of the body they could hardly tell. To use the fine words of John Scott, 'he unveiled the mighty foundations of the Rock of Ages, and made their hearts vibrate with a strange joy, which they shall recognise in loftier stages of their existence.' What

a pity, that, with the exception of his sermon on 'Modern Infidelity,' all these Cambridge discourses have irrevocably perished."

On the subject of the celebrated discourse to which the critic we have thus quoted refers, the following statement is made by Dr Gregory as an illustration of the peculiar structure of Mr Hall's intellect:—

"He preached it first at Bristol, in October 1799, and again at Cambridge early in the month of November. Having yielded to the solicitations of his friends, and consented to its publication, there remained two difficulties, that of writing down the sermon (of which not a single sentence was upon paper), and that of superintending the press. I, who then resided at Cambridge, offered to undertake both these, provided he would engage not to go farther than ten miles from Cambridge, and allow me to follow him, wherever he went, to obtain 'copy,' as it should be needed. He acceded to that part of the arrangement which related to the printing; but would not consent that I should be his amanuensis on that occasion. The writing, therefore, he undertook himself, but with great reluctance, on account of the severe pain which even then (and indeed much earlier) he experienced when remaining long in a sitting posture. The work, in consequence, proceeded slowly, and with many interruptions. At first I obtained from him eight pages, and took them to the printer; after a few days, four pages more; then two or three pages; then a more violent attack

of his distressing pain in the back compelled him to write two or three pages *while lying on the floor*; and soon afterwards a still more violent paroxysm occasioned a longer suspension of his labour. After an interval of a week, the work was renewed at the joint entreaty of myself and other friends. It was pursued in the same manner, two or three pages being obtained for the printer at one time, a similar portion after a day or two, until, at the end of seven weeks, the task was completed. During the whole time of the composition, thus conducted, Mr Hall never saw a single page of the printer's work. When I applied for more 'copy,' he asked what it was that he had written last, and then proceeded. Very often, after he had given me a small portion, he would inquire if he had written it nearly in the words which he had employed in delivering the sermon orally. After he had written down the striking apostrophe—'Eternal God! on what are thine enemies intent! what are those enterprises of guilt and horror, that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven must not *penetrate!*'—he asked, 'did I say *penetrate*, sir, when I preached it?' 'Yes.' 'Do you think, sir, I may venture to alter it? for no man who considered the force of the English language would use a word of three syllables there, but from absolute necessity.' 'You are doubtless at liberty to alter it, if you think well.' 'Then be so good, sir, as to take your pencil, and for *penetrate* put *pierce*; *pierce* is the word, sir,

and the only word to be used there.' I have now the evidence of this before me, in the entire manuscript, which I carefully preserve among my richest literary treasures."

The following is the eloquent passage referred to:—"More than all, their infatuated eagerness, their parricidal zeal to extinguish a sense of Deity, must excite astonishment and horror. Is the idea of an almighty and perfect Ruler unfriendly to any passion which is consistent with innocence, or an obstruction to any design which it is not shameful to avow? Eternal God! on what are thine enemies intent? What are those enterprises of guilt and horror, that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven must not pierce? Miserable men! Proud of being the offspring of chance; in love with universal disorder; whose happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witness to their designs, and who are at ease only because they suppose themselves inhabitants of a forsaken and fatherless world!"

JOHN FOSTER.

THE parents of the celebrated John Foster were persons in humble life, occupying a small farm, and when not engaged in the labour it required, adding to their means of subsistence by weaving. They were both remarkable alike for the soundness of their understanding and the sincerity of their piety. The farmhouse they inhabited was in the parish of Halifax, between Wainsgate and Hebden-bridge, and there the subject of this memoir was born, on the 17th of September, 1770.

“When not twelve years old,” observes Mr Ryland, “he had—to use his own words—‘a painful sense of an awkward but entire individuality.’ This was apparent in his manners and language. His observations on characters and events resembled those of a person arrived at maturity, and obtained for him from the neighbours the appellation of ‘old fashioned.’ Thoughtful and silent, he shunned the companionship of boys whose vivacity was merely physical and uninspired by sentiment. His natural tendency to reserve was increased by the want of juvenile associates at home; for his only brother, Thomas, was four years younger than himself, and they had no sisters. His parents, partly from the lateness of their marriage, had acquired habits of too fixed a gravity to admit of that confiding inter-

course which is adapted to promote the healthy exercise of the affections. Had a freer interchange of feeling existed, it might have rendered less intense (though it could not have removed) that constitutional pensiveness of Foster's mind, which at times induced 'a recoil from human beings into a cold interior retirement,' where he felt as if 'dissociated from the whole creation.' But emotion and sentiment being thus repressed, his outward life was marked by a timidity that amounted to 'infinite shyness.' A very large proportion of his feelings were so much his own, that he either 'felt precisely that they could not be communicated, or he did not feel that they could.' His early antipathies were strong, but 'not malicious.' His associations were intensely vivid; he had, for instance, an insuperable dislike to a book during the reading of which he had done anything that strongly excited self-reproach; or to whatever was connected with feelings of disgust and horror. For a number of years that would not sit on a stool which had belonged to a man who died in a sudden and strange manner, and whose ghost was said to have appeared in his piece into near his house. In short, his imagination called, he perilous and tyrannical, and would submit with unwillingness to a scene of Indian torture or ordeal of inspection. A skeleton meeting him each which he was employed to pass through to bed. 'Mention, being a mere dull was an awful season of operations. Not that he ever to strong emotion by recaptitude for mechanical con-

authors, such as Young's 'Night Thoughts.' Even single words (as *chalcedony*), or the names of ancient heroes, had a mighty fascination over him, simply from their sound; and other words from their meaning, as *hermit*.

His sensibility, though checked in its social operation, was kindled into intense activity by the contemplation of natural scenery, which in the neighbourhood was highly picturesque. The very words *woods* and *forests*, would produce the most powerful emotion. In matters of taste the *great* interested him more than the *beautiful*; great rocks, vast trees and forests, dreary caverns, volcanoes, cataracts, and tempests, were the objects of his highest enthusiasm: and in the same way, among the varieties of human character, the great and the heroic, excited the deepest interest. An abhorrence of cruelty was among his earliest *habitual* feelings. He 'abhorred spiders observing flies, and abominated butchers,' though those very early age, on two occasions, his curiosity for him to a slaughter-house.

fashioned. His behaviour towards his parents was uncompanionable; and though his juvenile manifestations were checked from the causes tendency to reserve yet in mature life no one could juvenile associates attach filial regard than he did, by Thomas, was four years junior to his means very largely) they had no sisters. His part of their declining years. lateness of their marriage, them in weaving, and till too fixed a gravity to admit of spinning wool to a

thread by the hand-wheel. In the three following years he wove what are called double stuffs, such as lastings, &c. But while thus employed, he 'had no idea of being permanently employed in handicraft;' he had the fullest persuasion that something else awaited him, not from the consciousness of superior abilities, but from indulging romantic wishes and plans. 'I had when a child,' was his affecting confession to Mr Hughes, 'the feelings of a foreigner in the place, and some of the earliest musings that kindled my passions, were on plans for abandoning it. My heart felt a sickening vulgarity before my knowledge could make comparisons.' 'My involuntary, unreflecting perceptions of the mental character of my very few acquaintance was probably just, as to their being qualified to reciprocate my sentiments and fancies.' Thus, full of restless thoughts, wishes, and passions, on subjects that interested none of his acquaintance, it can excite no surprise that his weaving was often performed very indifferently, and that the master-manufacturer by whom he was employed was continually resolving that he would take no more of it. When Foster brought his piece into the 'taking-in-room,' as it is commonly called, he would turn his head aside, and submit with unequivocal repugnance to the ordeal of inspection. The kind of weaving in which he was employed allowed no scope for invention, being a mere dull repetition of manual operations. Not that he ever showed any particular aptitude for mechanical con-

trivance. The only instance of the kind known was the construction of a terrestrial globe, when he was ten or eleven years old, on which the various countries were marked with a pen. It had no meridian; the frame was made of three pieces of wood, joined at the centre, the lower part of which served for feet. This self-imposed task was executed with a penknife, and was a long time in hand. He had also 'a passion' for 'making pictures with a pen.'

While residing with his parents he studied closely, but irregularly; he would often shut himself up in the barn for a considerable time, and then come out and weave for two or three hours, 'working,' as an eye-witness expressed it, 'like a horse.' His attention during this period was necessarily confined to English literature, his home education not allowing a wider range. His father, however, was ambitious of a higher training for him, and when the lad was only four years old, would lay his hand upon him and say, 'This head will one day learn Greek.' There was an excellent grammar-school at the neighbouring village of Heptonstall, conducted by a Mr Shackleton; and we have no reason for supposing that the nonconformist principles of the Fosters operated on their minds, or on the master, to preclude their son from enjoying its advantages. Most probably, his assistance at the loom could not be dispensed with, and was incompatible with regular attendance at the school.

With much that was uncongenial and disadvan-

tageous in Foster's circumstances, their moral and religious influences were for the most part highly salutary. In his parents he had constantly before him examples of fervent piety, combined with great sobriety of judgment and undeviating integrity. Their house also was the resort of their Christian neighbours for the purposes of social devotion, or to obtain the benefit of their advice in the perplexities of daily life. A meeting was held there every Tuesday evening, which was always closed with a prayer by Mr Foster, who never omitted one petition—'O Lord, bless the lads!' meaning his son John, and his young (and at that time only) companion Henry Horsfall. The earnestness with which these words were uttered made a deep impression on the two youths. To trace the progress of Foster's piety in its earliest stages, 'mingled,' as it was, 'almost insensibly with his feelings,' would be impracticable; its genuineness, happily, was proved by its 'shining more and more unto the perfect day.' When about fourteen years old, he communicated to the associate just named the poignant anxiety he had suffered from comparing his character with the requirements of the divine law, and added, that he had found relief only by placing a simple reliance on the sacrifice of Jesus Christ for acceptance before God. Six days after the completion of his seventeenth year, he became a member of the Baptist church at Hebden-bridge. His venerable pastor, Dr Fawcett, and other friends who

had watched with deep interest his early thoughtfulness and piety, urged him to dedicate his talents to the Christian ministry. Whether he had himself previously formed such a design or not, the object of their wishes soon became his deliberate choice, and after giving satisfactory proofs of his abilities, he was 'set apart' for the ministerial office by a special religious service. For the purpose of receiving classical instruction and general mental improvement, he became shortly after an inmate at Brearley Hall, where Dr Fawcett, in connection with his labours as an instructor of youth, directed, at that time, the studies of a few theological candidates. Part of each day was still spent in assisting his parents at their usual employments. During the rest of the time, his application to study was so intense as to excite apprehensions for his health. Frequently, whole nights were spent in reading and meditation, and on these occasions, his favourite resort was a grove in Dr Fawcett's garden. His scholastic exercises were marked by great labour, and accomplished very slowly. Many of his inferiors in mental power surpassed him in the readiness with which they performed the prescribed lessons. One method which he adopted for improving himself in composition, was that of taking paragraphs from different writers, and trying to remodel them, sentence by sentence, into as many forms of expression as he possibly could. His posture on these occasions was to sit with a hand on each knee,

and, moving his body to and fro, he would remain silent for a considerable time, till his invention in shaping his materials had exhausted itself. This process he used to call *pumping*. He had a great aversion to certain forms of expression which were much in vogue among some religious people, and declared that if possible he would expunge them from every book by act of parliament; and often said, 'We want to put a new face upon things.'

At Dr Fawcett's, Foster had access to a large and miscellaneous library. His course of reading, though extensive, was by no means indiscriminate; and it was observed that he invariably read his favourite authors with extreme care and attention. In general literature no class of books delighted him so much as voyages and travels; and the taste for this kind of reading, which so gratified his imaginative faculty, and his love of the marvellous and romantic, never forsook him. In practical theology he was very partial to Watson's 'Heaven taken by Storm,' the work mentioned by Dr Doddridge as having been read by Col. Gardiner on the evening of his memorable conversion.

Brearley Hall was environed with hanging woods, except on the south, where it opened by a gentle declivity to the valley. The scenery harmonised with Foster's temperament; and lonely rambles in the surrounding woodlands formed almost his only recreation. On one occasion he persuaded a young companion to walk with him by the

river's side, from evening to dawn, just, as he said, that they might see how the light in its first approach affected the surrounding scenery. Some years afterwards, when on a visit to his parents, he suddenly quitted the house, and started off in a heavy shower to look at a waterfall in the neighbourhood, of which he had often heard, and on his return said, 'I now understand the thing, and have got some ideas on the subject, with which I should not like to part.'

'No one,' an early friend remarks, 'was better qualified to write on "decision of character." It was from early life the habitual characteristic of his mind. He formed his purposes, and then proceeded to execute them; nothing wavering. He was always examining everything that came within the range of his observation; neither wind nor weather, night nor day, offered any obstacle; he accomplished his purpose.'

In his sermons, not less than in his conversation, he constantly aimed at imparting freshness to ordinary topics, and generally succeeded. Yet it happened not unfrequently that his hearers were more startled and perplexed than edified. He once preached at Thornton, near Bradford, from the words, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' His object was to show the awful condition of the human race, had not a way of access been provided by God; but his novel mode of treating the subject led an old man (the oracle of his little circle) to re-

mark, 'I don't know what he has been driving at all this afternoon, unless to set riddles.' 'He is going to take us to the stars again,' was a frequent observation of his hearers. Yet instances were not wanting in which his discourses made a salutary and indelible impression; two especially—one from the words, 'And on his head were many crowns,' the other on, 'Doing the will of God from the heart'—were long remembered.

He was very assiduous in visiting the cottages of the poor, particularly the sick and aged; on these occasions, besides religious conversation and prayer, he generally read the 145th Psalm.

After spending about three years at Brearley, application was made for his admission into the Baptist College, Bristol. He entered that institution shortly after the decease of the president, Dr Caleb Evans, a man deservedly held in high esteem among his connections. The classical tutor, Robert Hall ('clarum et memorabile nomen'), had just removed to Cambridge; but his place was ably filled by Joseph Hughes, the founder and secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society; he was only one year and eight months older than Foster; their minds were congenial, and the preceptor and the pupil were each soon merged in the friend. In piety, in mental activity, in ambition of intellectual superiority, in a deep shade of pensiveness, they resembled one another; and if one possessed greater originality of thought and affluence of imagination,

the other probably was superior in a more exact intellectual training, and had attained a greater maturity of religious character and sentiment."

After leaving Bristol, he was engaged in the duties of his profession at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where, however, he remained but for a few months, at the expiry of which time, after visiting his friends in Yorkshire, he proceeded to take charge of a small congregation of the Baptist Church in Dublin. Here he found it impossible to remain, and from the account he gives in his letters, it is more than probable that the few who were accustomed to attend his ministrations were incapable of appreciating him. "The congregation," he says, "was very small when I commenced, and almost nothing when I voluntarily closed. A dull scene it was, in which I preached with but little interest, and they heard with less." A subsequent attempt to keep a classical and mathematical school in Dublin was, together with other projects, equally unsuccessful. Early in 1797, Mr Foster undertook the charge of the Baptist Church at Chichester, where he remained for two years and a-half. In 1800 he removed to Downend, near Bristol, where he preached regularly in a small chapel erected by Dr Caleb Evans. Here he remained about four years, when, in consequence of the high testimony borne to his qualifications by the celebrated Robert Hall, he was invited to become minister of a congregation at Frome. This invitation he accepted, but it soon

appeared that he was not long to be permitted to discharge the duties of the pulpit. Prior to his settlement at Frome, a swelling had taken place in one of the glands of his neck, and the exertion of speaking continued greatly to aggravate the disease. "I am strongly apprehensive," he wrote in May 1805, "that a short time longer will put an end to my preaching." This anticipation was at length realised. In spite of every remedy, the swelling continued to increase, and in midsummer 1806 he found it indispensable to resign his ministerial charge. It was a most providential circumstance that, when thus laid aside from that duty for which he was so eminently qualified, he was enabled in another way not only to obtain an independence, but to be perhaps more useful than when his exertions were confined to the narrow sphere of his congregation. The "Essays" had already appeared, and had been thrice reprinted, the third edition having been published about the same time that he retired from public duty. He had already attained to a high degree of celebrity, and was able to devote himself to literature with little fear of the result. About two years after retiring from his public duty at Frome, Mr Foster's marriage took place, and those prospects of domestic comfort and happiness, which the character and the congenial tastes of his partner enabled him to entertain, were completely realised.

After his marriage, Mr Foster took up his resi-

dence at Bourton, where five of his children were born; but towards the close of 1817 he once more became a resident and stated preacher at his former charge of Downend, his ailments having in some degree subsided, yet he had no purpose of permanently devoting himself to the duties of the pulpit. In 1821 he once more quitted Downend, but still occupied himself in occasionally preaching, in addition to his industrious labours through the press. In 1832 Mr Foster was called to endure the irreparable loss of his excellent wife—his “beloved, affectionate, and invaluable companion for nearly a quarter of a century.” Sustaining this severe affliction with the fortitude consistent with his character and principles, Mr Foster still continued his literary labours, till his own health began to give way. In December 1836 “he was attacked with bronchitis, a ‘visitation’ which, he remarked, ‘came as a very strange one to a man who had not for fifty years been confined to bed a single day.’ He kept his room somewhere about two months. He manifested, throughout, the greatest patience; and his letters, written when he became convalescent, disclose how anxiously he sought to derive spiritual improvement from the affliction: ‘I hope,’ he says, ‘this season of imprisonment has not been without a real advantage in respect to the highest concern. It has brought with it many grave, earnest, and painful reflections. The review of life has been solemnly condemnatory—such a sad defi-

ciency of the *vitality* of religion, the devotional spirit, the love, the zeal, the fidelity of conscience. I have been really amazed to think how I could—I do not say, have been *content* with such a low and almost equivocal piety, for I never *have* been at all content—but how I could have *endured* it, without my whole soul rising up against it, and calling vehemently on the Almighty Helper to come to my rescue, and never ceasing till the blessed experience was attained. And then the sad burden of accumulated guilt!—and the solemn future!—and life so near the end!—Oh what dark despair but for that blessed light that shines from the Prince of Life, the only and the all-sufficient Deliverer from the second death. I have prayed earnestly for a genuine penitential living faith on Him. Do you pray for me. Thus I hope this temporary experience of suspended health will have a salutary effect on the *soul's* health. I do not mean that these exercises of mind are a new thing, brought on by this visitation. They have grown upon me in this late declining stage of life. But for everything that enforces and augments them I have cause to be thankful. There is much work yet to be done in this most unworthy soul; my sole reliance is on divine assistance; and I do hope and earnestly trust (trust in that assistance itself), that every day I may yet have to stay on earth, will be employed as part of a period of persevering, and I almost say *passionate*, petitions for the divine mercy

in Christ, and so continue to the last day and hour of life, if consciousness be then granted. . . . Often I am making humble comparisons between my lot, and that of the many ten thousands who are suffering at this time all the miseries of hopeless destitution. Why am I so favoured, and millions so wretched?"

About Christmas 1842, Mr Foster had one or two attacks of spitting of blood, and again about the middle of January 1843. These attacks did not confine him at all to his bed or to his room, but obliged him to be very careful, and to remain in the house for many weeks. As the milder weather came on, he ventured out again, and did not seem in a very perceptibly different state from what he had been in during the previous summer. He was somewhat thinner and more languid—less disposed and less able to move about. His cough also was often very troublesome.

"The three years that I am in advance of you," he writes to Mr Hill (August 31), "have brought on me the most cogent mementos of mortality. Within less than two years, two protracted seasons of very great prostration, resulting in a settled debility, which will continue through whatever remains of life. I have the great grievance of a cough, of an anomalous kind, having apparently nothing to do with the chest, but caused by a local irritation somewhere at the bottom of the throat. No medicaments take any effect on it.

Of a dozen things tried, *laudanum* is the only one to which it yields. An unwelcome resource, which I use as sparingly as I can, for I feel it has an unpleasant effect on the head.'

In his last letter to the same friend, of rather later date (Sept. 18), he says, 'This is a grand missionary week in our town; of which I shall not see a particle, or hear a sentence. I shall not be called on by any of them, it being understood that I cannot *work a conversation*, talking being sure to irritate a very injurious cough. On this account, last evening I sent away without seeing him the person whom, at all times, I am more pleased to see than any one else from the town. I fancy some little abatement of the extreme debility. Any material amendment will be slow; as to *recovery*, in any moderate or ordinary sense of the word, I never think of it. It may be that life may last on two or three lingering years; as the constitution, radically, is of the sounder order, and *very* sound till within the last two years. But my business is to be looking habitually to the *end*, and making all serious preparation for it, under such constant strong admonition. In considering, a day or two since, the balance of good and evil of this last year and more, I hoped I could say, I *am a gainer*, by the salutary effects I hope I have reaped from this discipline. I never prayed more earnestly, nor probably with such faithful frequency. '*Pray without ceasing*,' has been the sentence repeating itself

in the silent thought; and I am sure, I think, that it will, that it *must*, be my practice to the last conscious hour of life. Oh why not throughout that long, indolent, inanimate half-century past! I often think mournfully of the difference it would have made now, when there remains so little time for a more genuine, effective, spiritual life. What would become of a poor sinful soul, but for that blessed, all-comprehensive Sacrifice, and that intercession at the right hand of the Majesty on high?’

On the 24th of September he took to his room, which he never again left. There exists no doubt that his lungs had been diseased for many years. With very rare and slight exceptions, he betrayed none of the irritability so generally attendant upon the disease. The religious remarks and admonitions addressed to those around him were deeply interesting and affecting; but it was not often that his cough and *extreme* weakness allowed him to say much. On one occasion, however, he spoke at great length on ‘the duty of earnest, persevering, importunate prayer;’ and at another time, on the absolute necessity of casting ourselves on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, concluding in the following words, ‘We can do nothing in our own strength; we must look to Jesus—our only Mediator—our only Redeemer—our only hope.’ But no exhortations could have been half so impressive as the uniform patience he displayed, and the self-condemna-

tory remarks he often made, indicating a profound feeling of the evil of sin.

One evening when he appeared very much exhausted, it was remarked 'You are very languid to-night.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I shall languish out of this mortal life some time not long hence.' On being told of the frequent kind inquiries made for him by friends in the neighbourhood, he said, 'To all inquiries it's always the same answer, and the last will be the best of all.' On the Sabbath previous to his death, while a friend was reading to him one of Doddridge's sermons, he fell asleep; on awaking, he said, in a tone very expressive of a grateful feeling, 'Tis a thankless office to read to sleepy people.'

In the earlier stages of his illness he was very much in the habit of speaking of the value of time, and sometimes quoted Young's lines on the subject. Another frequent topic of conversation was the separate state. After the death of any friend, he seemed impatient to be made acquainted with the secrets of the invisible world. On one occasion of this kind (rather more than a twelvemonth before his own decease), he exclaimed, 'They don't come back to tell us!' and then, after a short silence, emphatically striking his hand upon the table, he added, with a look of intense seriousness, 'But we shall know *some time!*'

He sat up for a few hours almost daily till the day before his death. Towards the latter part of

the time he often expressed a wish to be left alone for a little while, saying, that there was much he ought to think of, and that in a state of great debility it was a difficult thing to think.

During the whole course of his illness he showed the greatest consideration for the servants and all about him, and was anxious to give them as little trouble as possible. He never allowed any one to sit up, even for part of the night—he would not listen to such a proposal, and when urged would say, that it would so annoy him as to prevent his sleeping.

Speaking of his weakness to one of his two servants who had both lived with him for about thirty years, he mentioned some things which he had not strength to perform; and then added, 'But I can pray, and that is a glorious thing.' On another occasion he said to his attendant, 'Trust in Christ—trust in Christ.' At another time, the servant heard him repeating to himself the words, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

On October 3 he wrote to Sir J. Easthope, and stated that he had no expectation of surviving more than a very few months, but though he felt unequal to the exertion of a personal interview, he 'would not yet say Farewell.' Two days later, however, his debility had increased so rapidly, that he limited his expectations of prolonged life to only a

few days, and ended his last letter to the same friend with the words, 'I commend you to the God of mercy, and very affectionately bid you—*Farewell.*'

His family were much struck by the perfect dignity and composure with which, as soon as he relinquished all hope of even a partial recovery, he resigned himself to the divine appointment.

On Saturday, October 14, the day before his death, he complained of feeling some confusedness in his head, and was much oppressed in his breathing; he was therefore obliged to desist that day from his usual practice of hearing some one read to him; and finding it very difficult to converse, he requested to be left quite alone during the afternoon and evening. This desire was complied with; some of his family going occasionally into his room, but so as not to disturb him, till the usual hour of retiring to rest; they then particularly requested that some one might be allowed to sit up with him through the night. This, however, he steadily refused, though in consequence of a long-continued fit of coughing he was in a state of greater exhaustion than usual. The kind old servant who attended upon him, from an apprehension lest she should disturb him, did not go at all into his room in the course of that night, as she had been in the habit of doing every night for the past fortnight. But towards four o'clock she went to the door of his room to listen, and being satisfied from the sound

she heard that he was sleeping, returned without going in. At about six o'clock she went again to the door, and this time hearing no sound she went in, and found that he had expired. His arms were gently extended, and his countenance was as tranquil as that of a person in a peaceful sleep. Death had taken place but a very short time, for only the forehead was cold.

On the following Saturday his remains were laid in the grave, which just seventeen years before had been opened to receive those of his son, in the burial-ground belonging to the chapel at Downend, where he formerly preached."

THOMAS ARNOLD.

THE distinguished divine and historian to whom we are now to refer was born on the 13th of June, 1795, at West Cowes in the Isle of Wight, where his father held the situation of Collector of Customs. After obtaining his earliest education at Warminster, he was sent in 1807 to Winchester School, where he remained four years, entering Oxford in 1811 as a scholar of Corpus Christi College. Having greatly distinguished himself, and in the examination in 1814 taken a first-class degree, he was elected a Fellow of Oriel College in the following year, and gained the Chancellor's Prize for the two university essays, Latin and English, for the years 1815 and 1817. Thus, at a very early period of life, Mr Arnold attained a high position in the celebrated seat of learning of which he was a member. During his residence at the university, he made many valuable friends, with many of whom he remained intimate through life, and, like some of them, there can be no doubt, that, if it had pleased divine Providence to prolong his life, he would have attained to the highest dignity in the Church of England. Among those of his college companions whose talents and learning have raised them to places of dignity and trust, may be mentioned such

men as Judge Coleridge, Dr Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff, and Dr Whately, Archbishop of Dublin. In Stanley's *Life of Dr Arnold* is inserted a letter from Judge Coleridge, which gives a very graphic account of his college life, and exhibits a most interesting view of the personal appearance, the intense love of study, and the high intellectual and moral qualities of the youthful scholar.

"His passion at the time I am treating of," says the learned Judge, "was for Aristotle and Thucydides; and however he became some few years after more sensible of the importance of the poets in classic literature, this passion he retained to the last; those who knew him intimately or corresponded with him, will bear me witness how deeply he was imbued with the language and ideas of the former; how in earnest and unreserved conversation, or in writing, his train of thoughts was affected by the *Ethics* and *Rhetoric*; how he cited the maxims of the *Stagyrite* as oracles, and how his language was quaintly and racily pointed with phrases from him. I never knew a man who made such familiar, even fond use of an author: it is scarcely too much to say, that he spoke of him as of one intimately and affectionately known and valued by him; and when he was selecting his son's university, with much leaning for Cambridge, and many things which at the time made him incline against Oxford, dearly as he loved her, Aristotle turned the scale; 'I could not consent,' said he, 'to send my son to a university where

he would lose the study of him altogether.' 'You may believe,' he said with regard to the London University, 'that I have not forgotten the dear old Stagyrite in our examinations, and I hope that he will be construed and discussed in Somerset House as well as in the schools.' His fondness for Thucydides first prompted a *Lexicon Thucydideum*, in which he made some progress at Laleham in 1821 and 1822, and ended as you know in his valuable edition of that author.

Next to these he loved Herodotus. I have said that he was not, while I knew him at Oxford, a formed scholar, and that he composed stiffly and with difficulty, but to this there was a seeming exception; he had so imbued himself with the style of Herodotus and Thucydides, that he could write narratives in the style of either at pleasure with wonderful readiness, and as we thought with the greatest accuracy. I remember, too, an account by him of a Vacation Tour in the Isle of Wight, after the manner of the 'Anabasis.'

Arnold's bodily recreations were walking and bathing. It was a particular delight to him, with two or three companions, to make what he called a skirmish across the country; on these occasions we deserted the road, crossed fences, and leaped ditches, or fell into them: he enjoyed the country round Oxford, and while out in this way his spirits would rise, and his mirth overflowed. Though delicate in appearance, and not giving promise of great mus-

cular strength, yet his form was light, and he was capable of going long distances and bearing much fatigue.

You know that to his last moment of health he had the same predilections; indeed he was, as much as any I ever knew, one whose days were

‘Bound each to each by natural piety.’

His manner had all the tastes and feelings of his youth, only more developed and better regulated. The same passion for the sea and shipping, and his favourite Isle of Wight; the same love for external nature, the same readiness in viewing the characteristic features of a country and its marked positions, or the most beautiful points of a prospect, for all which he was remarkable in after life, we noticed in him then. When Professor Buckland, then one of our Fellows, began his career in that science, to the advancement of which he has contributed so much, Arnold became one of his most earnest and intelligent pupils, and you know how familiarly and practically he applied geological facts in all his later years. . . .

I believe I have exhausted my recollections; and if I have accomplished as I ought, what I proposed to myself, it will be hardly necessary for me to sum up formally his character as an Oxford undergraduate. At the commencement a boy—and at the close retaining, not ungracefully, much of boyish spirits, frolic, and simplicity; in mind vigorous,

active, clear-sighted, industrious, and daily accumulating and assimilating treasures of knowledge; not adverse to poetry, but delighting rather in dialectics, philosophy, and history, with less of imaginative than reasoning power; in argument bold almost to presumption, and vehement; in temper easily roused to indignation, yet more easily appeased, and entirely free from bitterness; fired, indeed, by what he deemed ungenerous or unjust to others, rather than by any sense of personal wrong; somewhat too little deferential to authority; yet without any real inconsistency loving what was good and great in antiquity the more ardently and reverently because it was ancient; a casual or unkind observer might have pronounced him somewhat too pugnacious in conversation and too positive. I have given, I believe, the true explanation; scarcely anything would have pained him more than to be convinced that he had been guilty of want of modesty, or of deference where it was justly due; no one thought these virtues of more sacred obligation. In heart, if I can speak with confidence of any of the friends of my youth, I can of his, that it was devout and pure, simple, sincere, affectionate, and faithful.

It is time that I should close; already, I fear, I have dwelt with something like an old man's prolixity on passages of my youth, forgetting that no one can take the same interest in them which I do myself; that deep personal interest must, however, be my excuse. Whoever sets a right value on the

events of his life for good or for evil, will agree that, next in importance to the rectitude of his own course and the selection of his partner for life, and far beyond all the wealth or honours which may reward his labour, far even beyond the unspeakable gift of bodily health, are the friendships which he forms in youth. That is the season when natures soft and pliant grow together, each becoming part of the other, and coloured by it; thus to become one in heart with the good, and generous, and devout, is, by God's grace, to become, in measure, good, and generous, and devout. Arnold's friendship has been one of the many blessings of my life. I cherish the memory of it with mournful gratitude, and I cannot but dwell with lingering fondness on the scene and the period which first brought us together. Within the peaceful walls of Corpus I made friends, of whom all are spared me but Arnold—he has fallen asleep—but the bond there formed, which the lapse of years and our differing walks in life did not unloosen, and which strong opposition of opinions only rendered more intimate, though interrupted in time, I feel not to be broken—may I venture, without unseasonable solemnity, to express the firm trust, that it will endure for ever in eternity."

Having remained at Oxford pursuing his studies and taking pupils, he at length settled at Laleham, near Staines, and in 1820 married Miss Mary Penrose, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Penrose,

Rector of Fledborough in Nottinghamshire. At Laleham, his income was derived from taking pupils, whom he prepared for the universities—a duty for the successful discharge of which he was peculiarly fitted, not only by the extent and accuracy of his learning, but by the admirable qualities of his mind. After having been thus occupied for nine years, he was induced, by the urgent solicitation of his friend, the Archbishop of Dublin, to become a candidate for the Head-mastership of Rugby School, an office of great importance, for which the highest scholarship was indispensable. Dr Whately, Dr Hawkins, Provost of Oriel College, and other highly competent judges, were anxious that Mr Arnold should obtain the appointment, from the certainty they felt that the institution would obtain great advantages under his superintendence. In deference to the opinions of his friends, and desirous himself of a wider sphere of usefulness, he became a candidate, and was appointed to the vacant office, on the duties of which he entered in August 1828.

The high expectations of his friends were amply realised by this appointment. It is well known that a great demand had existed, not only at Rugby, but at all the great schools in England, for reform and improvement. The system of education itself required modification, and was regarded by competent judges as by no means efficient as regards either intellectual or moral discipline. On the one hand, an undue preference was given to mere ele-

gant scholarship over the real life and mind of the ancients, while there was generally a total disregard of modern languages and modern literature, and practical science of every kind, and in a word, of that which constitutes sound learning and useful knowledge; on the other hand, except when actually receiving instruction, the boys were left almost wholly to themselves, to form their own friendships, their own code of moral conduct, and their own standard of public opinion.

On being appointed to the head-mastership, Arnold directed the whole energy of his powerful and enlightened mind to the benevolent and patriotic task of mitigating, if not entirely removing those evils. "Of all the painful things connected with my employment," he observed, "nothing is equal to the grief of seeing a boy come to school, innocent and promising, and tracing the corruption of his character from the influence of the temptations around him in the very place which ought to have strengthened and improved it." Accordingly his chief care was to raise the standard of moral sentiment, and for that end to imbue the minds of the pupils with those religious principles which lie at the foundation of all that is truly generous and noble in human intercourse. The plans he adopted for this purpose were various. Instead of permitting the boys to live in boarding-houses in the town, he obliged them to take up their abode in the houses of the various under-masters, so as to be

subject in some degree to their control when out of school. He laboured to impress the boys of the highest classes with a sense of their responsibility in exercising authority over their juniors. He removed from the school those pupils whose influence was pernicious, and who were incapable of obtaining benefit from his system; and thus, by his singular energy and perseverance, he neutralised in a great measure the defects which had been inherent in the system. The other object which he laboured to effect was an improvement in the quality of the education given at Rugby. This was accomplished by the introduction into the school of the study of modern languages, mathematics, history, and geography, the multiplication of examinations and prizes, and the pervading influence of his own enthusiastic love of sound and useful scholarship. The beneficial effects of the reforms thus introduced were not confined to the institution under Dr Arnold's immediate jurisdiction, but were felt in all the other great schools in England. On this subject, Dr Maberly, Head-master of Winchester School, thus expresses himself: "A most singular and striking change has come upon our public schools—a change too great for any person to appreciate adequately, who has not known them in both these times. This change is undoubtedly part of a general improvement of our generation in respect of piety and reverence; but I am sure that to Dr Arnold's personal earnest simplicity of pur-

pose, strength of character, power of influence, and piety, which none who ever came near him could mistake or question, the carrying of this improvement into our schools is mainly attributable."

The profound learning and high character of Dr Arnold, and his invaluable services in the cause of education, could not fail to attract notice in the most influential quarters, and must eventually have led, had his life been prolonged, to his preferment to the highest ecclesiastical dignity. Lord Melbourne, indeed, is understood to have desired to appoint him to a bishopric, and would have done so, had not Dr Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, opposed the appointment; his lordship, however, offered Dr Arnold, in 1841, the Wardenship of Manchester College, which, however, he declined accepting; but in the following year he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, an office which he gladly accepted. The first course of lectures which he delivered soon after his appointment amply justified the high expectations which had been formed of him. The concourse of students was so great, that the ordinary lecture-room could not contain them, and it became requisite that they should be delivered in the theatre—a circumstance almost without a parallel at Oxford, at least in modern times.

Dr Arnold had purchased in 1833 a small property called Fox How, in Westmoreland; and in

this retreat he spent his vacations, and engaged in those literary pursuits for which he was so eminently qualified. Referring to his favourite residence, "It is with a mixed feeling of solemnity and tenderness," he said, "that I regard our mountain nest, whose surpassing sweetness, I think I may safely say, adds a positive happiness to every one of my waking hours passed in it." When absent from it, it still, he said, "dwelt in his memory as a vision of beauty from one vacation to another," and when present at it he felt that "no hasty or excited admiration of a tourist could be compared with the quiet and hourly delight of having the mountains and streams as familiar objects, connected with all the enjoyments of home, one's family, one's books, and one's friends"—"associated with our work-day thoughts as well as our gala-day ones."

Then it was that, as he sat working in the midst of his family, "never raising his eyes from the paper to the window without an influx of ever new delights," he found that leisure for writing, which he so much craved at Rugby. Then it was that he enjoyed the entire relaxation, which he so much needed after his school occupations, whether in the journeys of coming and returning, those long journeys, which, before they were shortened by railway travelling, were to him, he used to say, the twelve most restful days of the whole year;—or in the birth-day festivities of his children, and the cheerful evenings when all subjects were discussed, from

the gravest to the lightest, and when he would read to them his favourite stories from Herodotus, or his favourite English poets. Most of all, perhaps, was to be observed his delight in those long mountain walks, when they would start with their provisions for the day, himself the guide and life of the party, always on the look-out how best to break the ascent by gentle stages, comforting the little ones in their falls, and helping forward those who were tired, himself always keeping with the laggards, that none might strain their strength by trying to be in front with him—and then, when his assistance was not wanted, the liveliest of all; his step so light, his eye so quick in finding flowers to take home to those who were not of the party.

Year by year bound him with closer ties to his new home; not only Fox How itself with each particular tree, the growth of which he had watched, and each particular spot in the grounds, associated by him with the playful names of his nine children; but also the whole valley in which it lay became consecrated with something of a domestic feeling. Rydal Chapel, with the congregation to which he had so often preached—the new circle of friends and acquaintance with whom he kept up so familiar an intercourse—the gorges and rocky pools which owed their nomenclature to him, all became part of his habitual thoughts. He delighted to derive his imagery from the hills and lakes of Westmoreland, and to trace in them the likenesses of his favourite

scenes in poetry and history; even their minutest features were of a kind that were most attractive to him; "the running streams," which were to him "the most beautiful objects in nature"—the wild flowers on the mountain sides, which were to him, he said, "his music;" and which, whether in their scarcity at Rugby, or their profusion in Westmoreland, "loving them," as he used to say, "as a child loves them," he could not bear to see removed from their natural places by the wayside, where others might enjoy them as well as himself. The very peacefulness of all the historical and moral associations of the scenery—free alike from the remains of feudal ages in the past, and suggesting comparatively so little of suffering or of evil in the present—rendered doubly grateful to him the refreshment which he there found from the rough world in the school, or the sad feelings awakened in his mind by the thoughts of his church and country. There he hoped, when the time should have come for his retreat from Rugby, to spend his declining years. Other visions, indeed, of a more practical and laborious life, from time to time passed before him, but Fox How was the image which most constantly presented itself to him in all prospects for the future; there he intended to have lived in peace, maintaining his connection with the rising generation by receiving pupils from the universities; there, under the shade of the trees of his own planting, he hoped in his old age to give to the world the fruits

of his former experience and labours, by executing those works for which at Rugby he felt himself able only to prepare the way, or lay the first foundations, and never again leave his retirement till (to use his own expression) "his bones should go to Grasmere Churchyard, to lie under the yews which Wordsworth planted, and to have the Rotha with its deep and silent pools passing by."

But those visions of earthly happiness were not to be realised. The year on which he opened his course of lectures on history at Oxford was destined to be his last. On the 11th of June, 1842, he closed the business of his school for the summer half-year, and with the utmost cheerfulness looked forward to the enjoyments of his vacation. In his diary of that day is the following entry:—"The day after to-morrow is my birth-day, if I am permitted to see it—my forty-seventh birth-day since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed! And then—what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age! In one sense, how nearly can I now say, *Vixi*! And I thank God that, so far as ambition is concerned, it is I trust fully mortified. I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still there are works which with God's permission I would do before the night cometh, especially that great work, if I might be per-

mitted to take part in it. But above all let me mind my own personal work—to keep myself pure, and zealous, and believing, labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it."

But he was not destined to complete his forty-seventh year, near as its completion was. Next morning he was suddenly seized with an attack of angina pectoris, and after two or three hours of severe suffering he breathed his last, surrounded by his wife and those of his children who had not yet proceeded to his residence at Fox How. So passed away, in the midst of his usefulness and in the prime of life, one of the most eminent men of the age; one whose influence will long survive him, and whose memory will always be sacred in the estimation of those who are able to estimate his worth as well as perceive the importance of those objects to which he so earnestly and so successfully devoted his talents and his learning.

WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER.

THIS eminent scholar and divine, whose early death must ever be a matter of lamentation, was born at Annerville, near Clonmel, in the year 1814. He was a member of an ancient and honourable family. His father was a Protestant, but his mother a zealous member of the Romish Church, in which, at her earnest desire, he was baptised and educated. His early days were passed at Garnavilla, a lovely spot on the romantic banks of the Suir; and the extraordinary beauty of the scenery around the home of his childhood seems to have awakened within him the spirit of poetry, under the inspiration of which, even in his boyish days, he composed pieces which would have done no discredit to the most mature genius and the most refined taste. The following stanzas, which he produced, it is probable, in his fifteenth or sixteenth year, soon after entering college, contain many passages of such genuine poetry, as to prove that their youthful author had all the qualities which unite in forming a true worshipper of the Muses; and that the brilliancy of his imagination, united with the profound acquirements he subsequently attained, would have placed him in the foremost rank among the most celebrated poets of the past or the present age. The

poem which we now present to our readers appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1835, some years after it was written, and although it is of considerable length, we make no apology for giving it in full:—

THE EVEN-SONG OF THE STREAMS.

Lo! couch'd within an odorous vale, where May
 Had smiled the tears of April into flowers,
 I was alone in thought one sunny even:
 Mine eye was wandering in the cloudlets grey,
 Mass'd into wreaths above the golden bowers,
 Where slept the sun in the far western heaven.

I was alone, and watch'd the glittering threads,
 So deftly woven upon the purple woof
 By severing clouds, as parting into lines
 Of slender light, their broken brilliance spreads
 Thin floating fragments on the blue-arch'd roof,
 And each, a waving banner, streams and shines.

A mountain lay below the sun, its blue
 Veil'd in a robe of luminous mist, and seeming
 To melt into the radiant skies above;
 A broken turret near, and the rich hue
 Of faded sunlight through its window gleaming,
 Fainting to tremulous slumber on a grove.

But Evening grew more pale. Her zoneless hair
 Wound in dim dusky tresses round the skies,
 And dews like heavenly love, with unseen fall,
 Came showering. Insect forms swarm on the air,
 To dazzle with their tangling play mine eyes,
 That droop'd and closed—and mystery bosom'd all!

Unsleeping thus—yet *dreamingly* awake—
 Fancies came wooing me, and gently rose
 To the soft sistering music of a stream
 That pilgrim'd by; and, as I list, they take
 A form, a being—such as deep repose
 Begets—a reverie, almost a dream.

I heard, I read the language of the waters—

That low monotonous murmur of sweet sound,

Unheard at noon, but creeping out at even !

That language known but to the delicate daughters

Of Tethys the bright Naiads. All around

The thrilling tones gush forth to silent heaven.

"We come," they sweetly sang, "we come from roving,

The long still summer day, 'mid banks of flowers,

Through meads of waving emerald, groves, and woods.

Ours were delights: the lilies, mild and loving,

Bent o'er us their o'erarching bells—those bowers

For fays hung floating on our bubbling floods.

"We come—and whence? At early morn we sprung,

Like free-born mountaineers, from rugged hills,

Where bursts our rock-ribb'd fountain. We have sped

Through many a quiet vale, and there have sung

The murmuring descant of the playful rills,

To thank the winds for the sweet scent they shed !

"Our sapphire floods were tintured by the skies

With their first burst of blushes, as we broke

At morn upon a meadow. Not a voice

Rose from the solemn earth as ruby dyes

Swam like a glory round us, and awoke

The trance of heaven, and bade the world rejoice.

"Enwreath'd in mists, the perfumed breath of morn,

Our infancy of waters freshly bright

Cleft the hush'd fields, warbling a matin wild;

While beaming from the kindled heavens, and borne

On clouds instinct with many-colour'd light,

The spirit of nature heard the strain, and smiled !

"Heaven's flushing East, its western wilds as pale

As is the wan cheek of deserted love,

Its changeful clouds, its changeless deeps of blue,

Lay glass'd within us when that misty veil,

Evanid, disenshrouding field and grove,

Left us, a mirror of each heavenly hue,

"An echo of heaven's loveliest tints ! But lo !

The spell that bound us broke; in foaming leap

Our sheeted waters rush'd; our silvery vest

- Of light o'erhung the cliffs, our gorgeous bow
 Arch'd them at mid-fall,—till below the steep
 The maniac waves sunk murmuring into rest.
- "Now mourn'd our lone stream down a dusky vale,
 Like passion wearied into dull despair,
 The sole sad music of that sunless spot;
 And prison'd from the sunbeam and the gale
 By nodding crags above, all wildly bare,
 We slowly crept where life and light were not.
- "To greet us from that salvage home there came
 A form—'twas not the Spirit of the wild,
 But one more mortal, on whose wasted cheek
 Sorrow had written death; a child of Fame,
 Perchance, yet far less Fame's than Nature's child,
 He loved the languid lapse of streams to seek.
- "Some cherish'd wo, some treasured fond regret,
 Lay round his heart, and drew the gentlest tear
 That ever sanctified a pitying stream,
 Or crystallised in lucent cells was set
 By Naiads, in their wavy locks to wear
 As priceless jewel of celestial beam.
- "The dirge of nature is her Streams! Their Song
 Speaks a soft music to man's grief, and those
 Most love them who have loved all else in vain:
 We charm'd that lone one as he paced along
 From the dark thralldom of his dream of woes,—
 His sadness died before our sadder strain!
- "Once more amid the joyance of the Sun,
 And light, the life of nature, we have taught
 The pensive mourner of our marge to smile
 In answer to our smile of beams, and won
 The venom from the poison'd heart, and wrought
 A spell to bless the wearied brain awhile!
- "The imaged sun floats proudly on our breast,
Ever beside each wanderer, though there be
 Many to tread our path of turf and flowers:
 A thousand sparkling orbs for one imprest
 On us,—for ours is the bright mimicry
 Of Nature, changing with her changeeful hours.

"And thus we have a world, a lovely world,
A soften'd picture of the upper sphere,
Sunk in our crystal depths and glassy caves;
And every cloud beneath the heavens unfurl'd,
And every shadowy tint they wear, sleeps here,
Here in this voiceless kingdom of the waves.

"On to the ocean! ever, ever on!
Our banded waters, hurrying to the deep,
Lift to the winds a song of wilder strife;
And white plumes glittering in to-morrow's sun,
Shall crest our waves when starting out of sleep
For the glad tumult of their ocean-life.

"On to the ocean! through the midnight chill,
Beneath the glowing stars, by woodlands dim;
A silvery wreath of beauty shall we twine.
Thus may our course—ceaseless—unwearied still—
Pure—blessing as it flows—aye shadow Him
Our sources who unlock'd with hand divine!"

The soft and golden Eve had glided through
Her portals in the West, and night came round.
The glamour ceased, and nothing met mine eye
But waters, waters dyed in deepening blue—
Nothing mine ear, but a low bubbling sound,
Mingled with mine—and the faint night-wind's—sigh.

At nine years of age our youthful poet and philosopher was sent to the endowed school of Clonmel, the Principal of which institution was the Rev. Dr Bell, a man distinguished alike for his learning and his scholastic ability. Dr Bell soon discovered in the modest and retiring child placed under his care those rare intellectual endowments for which he was subsequently so distinguished, and Butler soon became an object of the warmest affection to his preceptor himself, as well as an especial favourite throughout the school. "He was never a pro-

ficient in the noisy games of his coevals, but his playful wit and amiable manners made him universally popular. His leisure hours were devoted to poetry and music, in which he became exquisitely skilled. He was not a hard student in the ordinary courses, but he was a constant and discursive reader. He was early familiar with the philosophical writings of Lord Bacon (of which he was an enthusiastic admirer), and of the most distinguished of the Scottish metaphysicians. He perused the classics as a poet rather than a philologist, for verbal criticism was a branch of knowledge to which he was never much attracted. While still a school-boy, he had penetrated deep into the profundities of metaphysics, his most loved pursuit, and was accomplished in the whole circle of the *belles lettres*. His taste for oratory was fostered by the annual exhibitions for which Dr Bell's seminary was so famous; and some of his youthful efforts are still remembered as masterpieces of public speaking. It was during his pupilage at Clonmel, about two years before his entrance into college, that the important change took place in Butler's religious views, by which he passed from the straitest sect of Roman Catholicism into a faithful son and champion of the Church of Ireland. He had been from the cradle deeply impressed with a sense of religion, and conscientious in the observance of the rites and ceremonies of his creed. His moral feelings were extraordinarily sensitive. For long hours

of night he would lie prostrate on the ground, filled with remorse for offences which would not for one moment have disturbed the self-complacency of even well-conducted youths. Upon one occasion, when his heart was oppressed with a sense of sinfulness, he attended confession, and hoped to find relief for his burdened spirit. The unsympathising confessor received these secrets of his soul as if they were but morbid and distempered imaginations, and threw all his poignant emotions back upon himself. A shock was given to the moral nature of the ardent, earnest youth; he that day began to doubt; he examined the controversy for himself, and his powerful mind was not long before it found and rested in the truth. Upon his entrance into Trinity College, Dublin, Butler still pursued the same extensive but desultory course of studies for which he had been remarkable at school. He never much applied himself to the mathematics, nor did he cultivate the classic tongues as a grammarian or philologist. Soon, however, his character was known throughout the university as a wit and an accomplished scholar. His prize compositions, both in prose and verse, were so pre-eminently distinguished, that, unlike most essays of that sort, they attracted the attention of the heads of the college, and stamped him as a man of rare and varied genius. While still an undergraduate, he became a copious contributor, in both verse and prose, to the periodical literature of the day. His refined taste in criti-

cism, and his eloquence of diction, naturally made him one of the most popular, as well as the ablest, of reviewers. In the 'Dublin University Magazine' alone, there appeared, from time to time, during his college course, enough of poetry and of essays on the most various subjects, historical, critical, and speculative, to fill several volumes. It is much to be hoped that some selection from this valuable mass of material may be made, and given to the public. It would be hard to point to compositions which exhibit greater variety of power in a single mind, than the Analysis of the Philosophy of Berkeley, the articles on Sismondi, on Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences, on Oxford and Berlin Theology, and the playful effusions entitled 'Evenings with our Younger Poets.' The subjects range over widely distant fields, but all are handled and elucidated with the same masterly facility. His poetical contributions to the same periodical, and to others, were frequent, and many of them are of an extremely high class of merit. It is impossible for any reader not to admire them as compositions, but there is a certain air of melancholy pervading their whole tone of thought, with which many true lovers of poetry could not sympathise. The very beauties of the landscape, of which he was a passionate lover, produced an impression on his mind, in which sadness seemed to be mingled in far larger proportion than joy."

At the Degree Examination in 1834, Butler ob-

tained the Ethical Moderatorship, a distinguished prize for proficiency in ethical philosophy, which had recently been instituted by Provost Lloyd. After he had taken his degree, Butler continued his residence as a scholar of Trinity College for two years, and employed himself in adding to those stores of learning which he had already accumulated. At the expiry of his scholarship, his connection with the university must have terminated, but the extraordinary abilities he possessed pointed him out as eminently fitted to occupy the Chair of Moral Philosophy, which was instituted in 1837. To this distinguished professorship he was accordingly appointed, and the loss which the university would have sustained by his removal was thus happily averted. The manner in which he fulfilled the arduous duties of this important office amply realised the high expectations which his friends had formed. His lectures were remarkable at once for brilliant eloquence and profound philosophy.

"Simultaneously with his appointment to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy, Mr Butler was presented by the Board of Trinity College to the prebend of Clondehorka, in the diocese of Raphoe, and county of Donegal. He resided constantly upon his benefice, except while his professorial duties rendered absence necessary. Amongst a large and humble flock of nearly two thousand members of the Church, he was the most indefatigable of pastors. In the pulpit he accommodated himself with

admirable success to their simple comprehension. He imagined that the interest of his rural auditors was more engaged by an unwritten address, and unfortunately he soon ceased to write any sermons. His exquisite skill in music was brought down to the instruction of a village choir. Never was there more fully realised in any one that union of contemplation and action, of which Lord Bacon speaks as the perfection of human nature. His loftiest speculations in mental science, his erudite researches into Grecian and German philosophy, were in a moment cheerfully laid aside at every call of suffering and of sorrow. His parishioners were widely scattered over an extensive district along the shore of the Atlantic, interspersed with bogs and mountain. Many of their residences were difficult of access even upon foot; but they were all visited with constant assiduity. Amongst the papers left behind him were found catalogues, containing not merely the names of each individual, but comments, often copious, upon their characters and circumstances, that he might reflect at leisure upon their peculiar wants, and supply consolation, instruction, or reproof, according to their several necessities. The obscure and laborious prebend of Clondehorka was held by Mr Butler, along with his professorship, until the year 1842, when he was re-elected to the Chair of Moral Philosophy, and promoted, by the Board of Trinity College, to the rectory of Raymoghly, in the diocese of Raphoe. His flock was

here considerably smaller than in his former benefice, but his labours were scarcely less abundant. In a life thus made up of parochial ministrations and closet study, it is hard to find incidents for narration. These tasks, indeed, furnished to him all he asked—

‘ Room to deny himself, a path
To bring him daily nearer God.’

Throughout the year 1845, the Roman Catholic controversy seems to have principally engaged the attention of Professor Butler. He has left behind him several large books of his manuscript filled with collections upon the subject. In December he published in the ‘Irish Ecclesiastical Journal,’ to which he was a constant contributor, the first of his ‘Letters on Mr Newman’s Theory of Development.’ These letters have been pronounced, by some of the first living divines, models and masterpieces of polemical composition. One judgment may among others be referred to—that of the late venerated Archbishop of Canterbury. That profound scholar was so struck with the merits of the Letters on Development, as to express his commendation in the highest terms, and to acknowledge his sense of obligation for this triumphant refutation of the great neophyte of Romanism. During the latter part of 1847, and the first six months of the next year, Mr Butler was employed in preparation for a work on Faith. Never was that great subject undertaken by one more calculated to attain

the object which he designed,—to heal divisions, by reconciling and harmonising apparent, though not real, discrepancies of opinion. His collections contain a vast mass of materials, drawn from the Fathers, the Schoolmen, the continental Reformers, and the Anglican divines. No clue, unfortunately, is left to guide us as to the method which he intended, or the system which he proposed to construct. While thus employed, that summons came which removed him from the scene of faith to the ‘fruition of the glorious Godhead.’ The last week of his health was passed at the house of his valued friend, Archdeacon Gough. He had gone there preparatory to the ordination of the Lord Bishop of Derry, holden on Trinity Sunday, in the Church of Dunboe, on which occasion he was selected to preach. During his visit to the Archdeacon, his unaffected simplicity, his brilliant wit, his deep-toned piety, were the admiration of the entire party. Full of health and spirits, he seemed like one destined to be long an ornament and pillar of the Church. But God’s ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. He assisted at the ordination, and preached the sermon. His text was Matt. xxviii. 18–20. Unfortunately, according to his usual custom, the discourse was unwritten. The following brief notice was obtained from one of the clergy who heard it:—‘He showed how with this, the great apostolic commission, was combined, in a sort of comprehensive symbol, the

Catholic Faith, even the doctrine of the ever-blessed Trinity contained in these words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." We may not be able to see the link which binds the Apostolic Order of bishops, priests, and deacons, to the conservation of the Apostolic Faith. But in a rapid and masterly sketch of those reformed communions which had forfeited the Apostolic Order by abolishing episcopacy, he proved that, as a matter of fact, those bodies had, as *corporate bodies*, failed to bear witness to the Apostolic Faith; while the episcopal churches of Christendom, however otherwise corrupted, had preserved this great truth intact in the worst of times. He then proceeded to show that the doctrine of the Trinity, so far from being merely abstract and speculative, was intensely personal and practical, calculated to form the staple of the teaching of an Apostolic Church. More especially as regarded the divinity of our Lord, he said it might be proved by internal evidence to any mind which could be brought to feel what sin was, for such a mind could never feel sure of an adequate atonement without an infinite sacrifice. This led him to speak of those divines of the Anglican Church, in whose writings would be found an armoury against all heresies, as well as the most touching lessons of practical holiness. He took a series of these authors; he dismissed each with a few sentences, but not before he had characterised his peculiar excellencies, and made the audience feel

his distinguishing merits. His description of Taylor, in particular, was *startlingly* beautiful, and *literally took away our breath*. He recommended us to read some works of a practical character by Dissenters. Baxter, Howe, and Edwards were amongst the number mentioned. And now came the promise, without which all knowledge and all zeal were vain. Christ had promised to be with his apostles and their successors always, whether in the blaze of noon or the dark night, or in that twilight between the two, wherein mostly the course of our probation moves on. Still he was with his ministers, and to that presence they should look when heart-sick with disappointment in their work, or bowed down under the weight of conscious imperfections. They had to preach the Cross of Christ—on the one hand its efficacy to save, on the other, its sharpness and its sternness; its contradictoriness to luxury and ease, and its daily self-denials. This aspect of the cross was what men did not wish to see, and what might not be popular, but a woe was on us if we preached it not. The Friday after the ordination, Mr Butler returned to his home, a few miles distant. On the road his death-sickness struck him. He had heated himself by walking before he took his place upon the public car by which he travelled. He became chilled, and on his arrival at home felt indisposed. Fever rapidly set in. He was soon aware of the dangerous nature of his malady, and expressed a wish

if it were God's will, that he might survive one month, until he had completed the work already alluded to on Christian Faith. One ejaculation was constantly upon his tongue, 'Christ my righteousness!' The Rev. Mr Ball, a neighbouring clergyman, who attended him night and day with a brother's tenderness, declares that his very wanderings were full of the most splendid eloquence and exalted devotion. Upon Wednesday the 5th July, his spirit was translated to a more congenial atmosphere, even the glorious company of the Church Triumphant in heaven. He breathed his last without a struggle, so softly that they who watched beside his bed knew not that he was no more on earth. Upon Saturday the 8th of July, his remains were laid in his own churchyard. The bishop, the surrounding clergy and gentry, and *several thousands* of the humbler classes, were assembled to pay the last tribute of respect. When the coffin was lowered, a burst of grief was heard from the collected throng, and many a manly heart was dissolved in tears."

In preaching in the Cathedral, on the 18th of July, the Bishop of Derry thus referred to Professor Butler:—

"I cannot, however, dismiss this subject without alluding (painful as I feel the task) to the truly melancholy event which has so recently deprived these religious societies of an eloquent and powerful advocate, and removed from the Church one of

her brightest ornaments; this, too, at a period of life when we might, without presumption, have hoped that the career of usefulness for which his unrivalled talents held out so fair a promise, would have been, under the divine blessing, lasting and prosperous. But 'God's ways are not our ways,' and he has been pleased to call him from amongst us. To him the change, we humbly hope, has been from a transitory world to 'an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' To those who enjoyed an intimacy with him, it affords a melancholy consolation to dwell for a moment on the attractions of his character. He possessed that habitual placidity of temper which flowed from a mind at peace with God, and furnished a permanent spring of pure and fresh enjoyment. His conversation was instructive and enlightened, and exhibited the outlines of genuine Christian humility. To the poor of his parish his loss has been truly afflicting; the vigorous and warm benevolence of his heart extended his active assistance to the desolate habitations of poverty and hunger; and hereafter, when those over whose spiritual welfare he watched with such unceasing vigilance shall themselves approach the hour of death, they will gratefully recollect and bless *his* name, who, under God, impressed on their minds the truths of eternal life, who 'fed them with food convenient for them, and gave them the meat which perisheth not.' The deep concern so visible in the countenances of his

sorrowing parishioners, while in silent procession they followed him to his tomb, marked how large a share he had possessed in their affections; and the tears which fell upon his untimely bier, as it descended to its 'long home,' bore a gratifying testimony to the place which he had occupied in their hearts. How essential is it for us, my brethren, to learn from this afflicting occurrence the great lesson of entire dependence on the Holy Spirit of God, and to bow before the dispensations of him who needs not the might and wisdom of his creatures, but removes the most promising bulwarks of defence from his Church, when they seem to be most valuable, that we may look not to them, but to Him, without whom 'the counsels of man are vain.' "

As a specimen of Professor Butler's sermons, we shall now present the reader with a few extracts from a discourse preached by him in behalf of the Molyneux Asylum for Blind Females. Of this most admirable sermon we shall extract only the commencement, in which the judicious reader will find passages replete with profound and solemn truth, and at the same time the most brilliant eloquence. Taking the very appropriate text, 1 John i. 7—"If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another"—the preacher thus opens this truly admirable and striking discourse:—

"The great Evangelist, my brethren, whose language is at all times the most wonderful union of

depth and simplicity the world has ever seen, has compressed into a few blessed words the whole mystery of Christian truth. It is, indeed, one inimitable mark of profound reality, that in the New Testament almost *every* sentence of doctrinal or practical importance may be perceived to bear its secret relation to an universal and presiding plan. There is nothing superfluous, nothing isolated; but there are *degrees* in even the excellencies of divine knowledge. In the firmament of revelation, 'one star differeth from another star in glory;' and assuredly *this* declaration of peace and purity stands conspicuous among those glimpses of an inner and diviner splendour—of a heaven within heaven—which gleam through the veil of Scripture upon the people of God. The soul of man is but an exile in this ruined world; his affections yearn, even in their very degradation, for something better; yea, every capricious form of that degradation, its thousand petty ambitions, are but crippled struggles for a *something* above it; the pupil of the Spirit alone is taught where and how to seek it;—let but *such an one* possess even this fragment of truth, and it almost suffices to be the chart that directs his course to glory. But what an office it is, thus to stand among an assembly of eternal souls; and, disregarding the veil of flesh that hides us one from another, to speak—spirit to spirit—in the presence of the living God, and of all those between us and God, who, unseen by our eyes, may be privileged to

mingle among the throng of men! What an office—if we could but cast aside the blinding influences of habit—to stand forth an immortal among immortals, to proclaim a message whose reception is yet to fix an eternity! How it requires us to recall every instance we have ever witnessed, of the manner in which God perpetually suspends great things upon things *apparently* of small moment, to conceive it possible, that a time shall yet be present, when the course of endless ages shall not exhaust the effects (immediate or remote) of this single meeting; when year after year, yea, century after century, shall return but the melancholy echo of an abused or neglectful past, reverberated from all the unfathomed abysses of eternity; or shall prolong, in strains of triumph, the remembrance of some one blissful Sabbath when the grace of God was welcomed and harboured in the adoring soul! I am to speak to you of that bond of love, which binds soul to soul in binding all to God; of that walk of light which assimilates us to Him who *is* light; and of the union which identifies these, in connecting them both with the purifying work of Christ. But you know that I am here this day for a temporal, no less than for an eternal purpose; that I am here to speak, not only on behalf of God, but of God's afflicted servants; and to summon you, as you yourselves value the holy privileges of the Christian life, to aid that work which perpetuates them among your fellow-creatures. But why divide

these topics? Why 'put asunder' those which 'God hath joined together?' To preach the *truth* is the straightest road to preaching the *charity* of the gospel. To publish the message of love is essentially to infuse love! This gospel story of ours is no mere register of surprising events, which men are to hear, and perhaps to credit, and coldly return to forget; it is no chronology of barren incidents, digested out of fragments of half-perished authors, by the diligence of modern erudition—it is a living and a life-giving story! It is not ancient only, nor modern only, but both, and of all time! It fills the amplitude of eternity; for its Author is one who is 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever!' It links us with Him who was before all worlds; and who will *be*, and be *ours*, when He shall have rebuked into annihilation the worlds his word summoned to exist! To preach Christ may, then, be to preach the facts of a history; but they are the facts of this hour, no less than of eighteen centuries ago. What he has done, he is doing; to show him to you, the living impersonation of Almighty love, as he walked among us of old, is to show him to you the same quickening Spirit of love, as he works among us now! And, therefore, to tell you Gospel truth is to do more than tell you truth; it is—if the Spirit will—to transform you into the *likeness* of Him who wrought that wondrous work, to shed his beams upon you as you come near to contemplate his glory, to act

over again the story of Christ *in* every heart that beats and burns to hear it! If then this truth be a love-creating truth, which to believe is to imitate, I will, in God's name, deliver this truth, and let it work among you the divine charity it exhibits! 1. The blessed apostle declares himself commissioned to proclaim a 'message' of transcendent importance; a message which he declares calculated to consummate the joy of all the believing people of God. Of his own qualifications there can be no doubt. He is no deviser of conjectural wisdom, no framer of untried theory. Thrice over he reiterates, within the compass of as many verses, that he speaks of 'that which he has seen, and heard, and his hands have handled.' The *aim* of the message is no less momentous. It is to be the instrument of producing a blessing so surpassing all human anticipation, that even long familiarity cannot yet have deadened the emphasis of the phrase in any mind capable of thought—it is to produce 'a fellowship with the Father and the Son!' What then *is* this message thus solemnly introduced, thus earnestly enforced? *This* is the message which we have heard of him and declare unto you—that 'God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.'

2. It is manifest, then, that *this revelation of the divine excellency* is directly connected with the *mystical communion* of which he speaks; the one is, in some measure, the condition on which the other is suspended. But the connection becomes yet more

distinct when we come to the passage before us. We there learn that this light, with which God himself is identified, becomes also the element in which his elect children breathe and move:—‘If we *walk* in the light, as He *is* in the light:’—and we learn that the high communion or fellowship, before proposed as the prize and glory of the spiritual life, directly belongs to such a position. Nor that alone; but this very communion is now made to extend through the entire society of the regenerate—(‘we have fellowship *one with another*’)—to link them, each to each, as all are linked in heaven; to entwine every member of every tribe of the faith in the same golden bands which bind them all to the Church on high, and the Church on high to them, and both to their common head, ‘the man Christ Jesus;’ until the last link of the whole disappears from the view, lost in the central light that surrounds the ‘unapproachable’ throne of God!

3. Thus, then, the apostle, in these words of holy mystery, contemplates the Church of the Sanctified walking together under the radiance of a common light, which streams from the presence of God, and which, involving them all, *assimilates* them all. He sees them move, in holy fear and yet holier hope, beneath the meridian blaze of the everlasting glory, receiving its rays, and, in the very community of the same gift, by the very force of a common investiture, enjoying blessed ‘*fellowship* one with another.’ The fair procession of the people of God

passes calmly on before his gifted eyes ; and each, in the luminous robe that vests him, wears the high insignia of a celestial adoption. Co-heirs of heaven, they know their brotherhood ; walking in that light, which issues from no earthly sun, they feel it theirs alone, and recognise in each other the mystic fellowship it gives ! Ours, then, be it to ask—and to dare to answer—what is that fellowship, and what that light, which (by uniting this, with an easy inference from the preceding verse) are declared to involve each the other ? How are these twin blessings thus wondrously interwoven, that where the one is present the other cannot be away ?—that where the ‘light’ is found, there is the communion inevitably established, and where the ‘communion’ exists, there must be presupposed the light that produces, animates, and cheers it ? Supposing the *facts* admitted, where is the *connection* ? ”

THOMAS CHALMERS.

THOMAS CHALMERS was born at Anstruther, a town on the coast of Fifeshire, on the 17th March, 1780. During his school-boy days, he exhibited little or nothing of those qualities by the exercise of which he afterwards rose to distinction. "By those of his schoolfellows, few now in number, who survive, Dr Chalmers is remembered as one of the idlest, strongest, merriest, and most generous-hearted boys in Anstruther School. Little time or attention would have been required from him to prepare his daily lessons, so as to meet the ordinary demands of the schoolroom; for when he did set himself to learn, not one of all his schoolfellows could do it at once so quickly and so well. When the time came, however, for saying them, the lessons were often found scarcely half-learned; sometimes not learned at all. The punishment inflicted in such cases was to send the culprit into the coal-hole, to remain there in solitude till the neglected duty was discharged. If many of the boys could boast over Thomas Chalmers that they were seldomer in the place of punishment, none could say that they got more quickly out of it. Joyous, vigorous, and humorous, he took his part in all the games of the playground—ever ready to lead or to follow, when school-boy expeditions

were planned and executed ; and wherever for fun or for frolic any little group of the merry-hearted was gathered, his full, rich laugh might be heard rising amid their shouts of glee."

In 1791 he became a student in the United College of St. Andrews. His preliminary education, however, both in English and Latin, was so defective, that he could not obtain any great profit from the learned prelections of the professors whom it was his duty to attend. This deficiency in his early education, so far as it referred to classical learning, was never, save in a slight degree, remedied ; for, although he afterwards attained considerable mathematical skill, he could never be called a Latin or a Greek scholar. His two first sessions at the university seem to have been spent without any serious effort to improve himself. But what could be expected from a boy of twelve or thirteen ? "He was at that time," says one of his earliest companions, "very young, and volatile, and boyish, and idle in his habits, and like the rest of us in those days, but ill prepared by previous education for reaping the full benefit of a college course. I think that during the first two sessions a great part of his time must have been occupied (as mine was) in boyish amusements, such as golf, football, and particularly handball, in which latter he was remarkably expert, owing to his being left-handed. I remember that he made no distinguished progress in his education during these two sessions."

In 1795 he was enrolled as a Student of Divinity. The love of boyish amusements, which, in common with other lads of his age, he had heretofore exhibited, had already given way before the rapid development of his intellectual powers, and he had successfully devoted himself, under the powerful impulse, to the study of mathematics. The mental vigour thus awakened into action, he now applied to the study of divinity. His earliest conceptions on this subject, however, were confined to such views of the Deity as are suggested by the study of Natural Theology. But those conceptions were extremely vivid and intense. "I remember," he himself said, "when a student of divinity, and long ere I could relish evangelical sentiment, I spent nearly a twelvemonth in a sort of mental elysium, and the one idea which ministered to my soul all its rapture was the magnificence of the Godhead, and the universal subordination of all things to the one great purpose for which He evolved and was supporting creation. I should like to be so inspired over again, but with such a view of the Deity as coalesced and was in harmony with the doctrine of the New Testament."

His progress at that period was extremely rapid; and although when he first entered the university his knowledge of the rudiments even of English composition was very imperfect, he now, by dint of perseverance, mastered every difficulty, and acquired a great command over the language. His public

duties showed the benefit he thus secured, inasmuch as he was able to employ a suitable vehicle for those vivid conceptions which it was the character of his intellect to form. "I remember still," says one of his friends, "after the lapse of fifty-two years, the powerful impression made by his prayers in the Public Hall, to which the people of St. Andrews flocked when they knew that Chalmers was to pray. The wonderful flow of eloquent, vivid, ardent description of the attributes and works of God, and still more, perhaps, the astonishing harrowing delineation of the miseries, the horrid cruelties, immoralities, and abominations inseparable from war, which always came in more or less in connection with the bloody warfare in which we were engaged with France, called forth the wonderment of the hearers. He was then only sixteen years of age, yet he showed a taste and capacity for composition of the most glowing and eloquent kind. Even then, his style was very much the same as at the period when he attracted so much notice, and made such powerful impression in the pulpit and by the press."

After completing the course of study prescribed by the Church of Scotland, Chalmers obtained license as a preacher of the Gospel on the 31st of July, 1799. About a month afterwards he made his first appearance as a preacher in a chapel in Wigan, and on the Sunday following he delivered the same discourse in Liverpool. On these occa-

sions he was accompanied by his brother James, who, in a letter referring to the occasion, thus expresses himself:—"His mode of delivery is expressive, his language beautiful, and his arguments very forcible and strong. His sermon contained a due mixture of the doctrinal and practical parts of religion; but I think it inclined most to the latter. The subject, however, required it. It is the opinion of those who pretend to be judges, that he will shine in the pulpit, but as yet he is rather awkward in his appearance." In October the same year, he established himself in the house of a relative in Edinburgh, and pursued with great ardour his favourite studies of mathematics and philosophy. In July 1801, however, he became assistant to the Rev. Mr Elliot, minister of Cavers, but in November in the same year was elected by the Principal and Professors of the University of St. Andrews to the living of Kilmany. At the same period he was appointed assistant to the Professor of Mathematics in the University of St. Andrews. The manner in which he discharged the duties of this office was such as might be expected from the ardour with which he pursued the study of mathematical science. "He was ready to guide his students steadily and consecutively along a strictly scientific course; but as they trod that path, he would have all their bosoms to glow with the same philosophic ardours which inflamed his own; for to him the demonstrations of geometry were not mere abstractions to be curiously

but unmovedly gazed at by the cold eye of speculation. A beauty and a glory hung over them which kindled the most glowing emotions in his breast. To his eye, his favourite science did not sit aloof and alone, in the pride of her peculiar methods disdaining communion with those of her fellows who tread the humbler walks of experience and induction. Links of sympathy bound her to them all—while to more than one of them she became the surest ally and closest friend. And all that his beloved science was to himself, he would have her to become to the youths in the class-room around him.”

On entering upon his parochial charge at Kilmany, Chalmers resolved, if possible, to retain the Mathematical Assistantship at St. Andrews, holding out, as it did, a prospect of distinction in a department of learning to which he was devoted. He found himself, however, summarily dismissed on the charge of inefficiency as a teacher. This treatment, to one of his ardent temperament, must have been extremely irritating; and in order to disprove the accusation, he opened classes in St. Andrews for mathematics and chemistry, and met, notwithstanding considerable opposition, a great measure of success. The chemical lectures he afterwards delivered in his own parish and at Cupar. He remained about eleven years at Kilmany, engaging with characteristic energy in his pastoral duties, and occupying himself in a variety of literary undertakings. In 1814, he

was chosen minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow. Here he had a wide field on which to carry out all his enterprises of Christian benevolence. And he speedily rose to an unparalleled degree of popularity in consequence of the extraordinary eloquence and power which in his public services he displayed. His "Astronomical Discourses" were at this time delivered, and excited universal admiration. He had at this period an unquestionable superiority over all other preachers; and that, too, although his defects were such as rhetoricians consider incompatible with oratorical excellence. His manner was awkward, his voice unmusical, his pronunciation barbarous in the extreme; yet such was the intellectual and moral energy—such the earnestness and profound sincerity that pervaded all he uttered, that any defect was more than counterbalanced. An eminent critic makes the following remarks on this distinguished orator:—"While admitting Chalmers to be the most powerful Christian orator our country has produced for two centuries, we must place him, as a writer, in the second rank, alike of past and present preachers. When you compare his style with Barrow's, you are ashamed to think that, in the course of two hundred years, the language seems so to have retrograded; the contrast is so great between the true taste, the copiousness, and the power of at once cutting the most delicate discriminations and catching the freshest colours, which belongs to the diction of the one, and the compara-

tive coarseness, scantiness, and mannerism of the other. When you compare his imagination with Jeremy Taylor's, you become sensible of the difference between a strong, but bounded, and an inexhaustible faculty. When you put his discourses as wholes beside those of Horsley, in their manly vigour, they seem imperfect, spasmodic, and monotonous. As a thinker, he is, compared to Foster, hackneyed, and to Isaac Taylor, timorous. But as an orator, hurried away himself by a demoniac energy, his faculties and his heart alike subservient to, and swimming in, a current of ungovernable eloquence; and with the power of conveying entire to others his most peculiar emotions, and of breathing out upon them, as from snorting nostrils, his contagious fire; not only does he stand alone in this age, but we question if in any period, in this single quality, his equal has appeared. Demosthenes, everybody knows, had immense energy, but rarely the rushing fluency we mean to ascribe to Chalmers. Cicero is ornate and elaborate; he is a river cut through an artificial bed, rather than a mountain torrent. Jeremy Taylor's stream meanders, 'gliding at its own sweet will,' rather than sweeps right onward to the sea of its object. Barrow, to vary the figure, takes sometimes the gallop in grand style, but his eye never gets red in the race, nor do his nostrils breathe fire or spring blood. Howe makes every now and then a noble leap, and then subsides into a quiet and deliberate pace. Burke

is next Chalmers in this quality. Curran, Grattan, Sheil, and Phillips, frequently exhibit this rapid and involuntary movement of mind and style; but it is marred in the first by diffusion; in the two next by a certain irregular and starting motion, springing from their continual antithesis; and in the last by the enormous degree in which he possesses his country's diseases, of intellectual incontinence and *plethora verborum*. Hall occasionally rises to this style, as in the close of his Sermon on the Threatened Invasion; but is too fastidious and careful of minute elegancies to sustain it long or reach it often. Irving shines in brief and passionate bursts, but never indulges in long and strong sweeps through the gulfs of ether. But with Chalmers such perilous movement is a mere necessity of his mind: his works read like one long sentence; a unique enthusiasm inspirits with one deep glow all his sermons, and all his volumes; and so far from needing to lash or sting himself into this rapid rate, he must pursue a break-neck pace, or come to a full stop. Animation is a poor word for describing either his style or manner. Excitement, convulsion, are fit yet feeble terms for his appearance, either at the desk or the pulpit. And yet, what painter has ever ventured to draw him preaching? And hence the dulness and paltriness of almost all the prints (we except Duncan's admirable portrait); they show the sybil off the stool; the eye dim and meaningless, not shot with excitement, and glaring at vacancy;

the lion sleeping, not the mane-shaking, tail-tossing, and sand-spurning lord of the desert. In repose, neither his face nor form are much better than an unstrung bow or an unlighted lustre. After all that Chalmers has written, the 'Astronomical Discourses' are, in our opinion, his best and greatest work. They owe not a little, it is true, to their subject—Astronomy, that 'star-eyed science' which, of all others, most denotes the grandeur of our destiny, and plumes our wing for the researches and the flights of unembodied existence; which, even in its infancy, has set a crown upon the head of man—worthy of an angelic brow—a crown of stars; and has opened up a field so vast and magnificent, that it was impossible for a mind like that of Dr Chalmers altogether to fail in its exposition. And, so far as the Newtonian astronomy goes, the poetry, as the religion of the sky, never found before such a worthy and enthusiastic expounder. Kindling his soul at those 'street-lamps in the city of God,' he descants upon creation in a style of glowing and unaffected ardour. He sets the 'Principia' to music. He leaves earth behind him, and now drifts across the red light of Mars; now rests his foot upon the bright bosom of Sirius; now bespeaks the wild comet; and now rushes in to spike the guns of that battery against the Bible, which the bold hands of sceptical speculators have planted upon the stars."

In 1818 Dr Chalmers was elected minister of St.

John's in Glasgow. This church, which had been recently built, was considerably larger than the Tron Church, and the parish in which it was placed afforded immense scope for his labours. In this sphere of exertion he continued several years, carrying out with his usual energy and perseverance a variety of plans of usefulness, devoting almost his whole attention to the claims of the humbler classes, which in a densely-peopled city are too often neglected.

In 1823 he was chosen Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. His acceptance of this appointment produced the utmost disappointment in Glasgow, and filled with regret those friends whom he had associated with him in the various projects of benevolence he had organised and kept in motion in the parish under his care. His reasons for taking this step, however, seemed to him sufficiently strong to justify it, as will appear from the following letter read to a meeting of his elders, deacons, and Sabbath-school teachers:—"I have called together the gentlemen of the agency of St. John's, for the purpose of making known my acceptance of the offered Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews; and it is not without much agitation that I contemplate the prospect of leaving such a number of friends, in whose kindness and Christian worth I have found a refuge from many disquietudes. The appointment is altogether unlooked for and unso-

licited on my part, and just happens to be the seventh that has been submitted to my consideration since I have been connected with Glasgow. You will therefore believe, that it is not upon a slight or hasty deliberation that I have resolved to accept of it; and I now hasten to offer the explanation of my reasons to those who are best entitled to know them. My first is a reason of necessity, and is founded on the imperative consideration of my health. I should like to unite the labour of preparation for the pulpit with the labour of household ministrations in the parish; this is a union which I have made many attempts to realise, and I now find myself to be altogether unequal to it: this mortifying experience has grown upon me for a good many months, but never did it become so distinct and decisive until the present winter. My very last attempt at exertion out-of-doors has been followed up by several weeks of utter incapacity for fixed thought. I find it impossible any longer to acquit myself both of the personal and mental fatigues of my present office; and when, under an impressive sense of this, a vacant professorship came to my door, I entertained it as an opening of Providence, and have resolved to follow it. My second is a reason of conscience. I am aware that the fatigue of my present office is shortly to be lightened by the erection of a Chapel of Ease, and the subdivision of the parish into two equal parts. I have often taken encouragement to myself from the

anticipation of this important relief; and if my successor be possessed of ordinary strength, and have nothing to carry off his mind from the direct work of the ministry, he will now, I am persuaded, feel the comforts of a sphere so reduced within manageable limits, that it may be overtaken. But it so happens of me, that my attention of late has been divided between the cares of my profession and the studies of general philanthropy; and while sensible of the rebuke to which this might expose me from those whose piety and Christian excellence are entitled to veneration, yet I can affirm of every excursion that I have recently made in the fields of civic and economic speculation, that I have the happiness of him who condemneth not himself in that which he hath allowed. I can truly say, that when I entered on this field it was not because I knowingly turned me away from the object of Christian usefulness, but because I apprehended that I there saw the object before me; but the field has widened as I have advanced upon it, inso-much that I cannot longer retain the office which I now hold without injustice to my parish and congregation—without, in fact, becoming substantially, and to all intents and purposes, a pluralist. In these circumstances, gentlemen, I have been met, and most unexpectedly, with the unanimous invitation of a college within whose walls I can enjoy the retirement that I love, and again unbosom myself among the fondest remembrances of my boy-

hood. It was there that I passed through the course of my own academical studies, and that I am now called upon to direct the studies of another generation. Some of you have long known what I think of the great worth and importance of a professorship, and that I have even held a literary office in a university, through which the future ministers of our parishes pass in numerous succession every year, to be a higher station in the vineyard, even of Christian usefulness, than the office of a single minister of a single congregation. Moral philosophy is not theology, but it stands at the entrance of it, and so, of all human sciences, is the most capable of being turned into an instrument either for guiding aright, or for most grievously perverting the minds of those who are to be the religious instructors of the succeeding age. It is my anxious wish that these reasons, which have satisfied myself, should satisfy you. In the calm retreat of an ancient and much-loved university—in the employment which it offers, so akin to the themes that I hold in the highest estimation—in the post of superior usefulness which is there assigned to me—in the unbounded leisure and liberty of its summer vacation, during which I may prosecute my other favourite pursuits, and more particularly, may renew, for months together, my converse with Glasgow, and so perpetuate my intimacy with yourselves;—in these there are charms and inducements which I have not been able to resist, and which I

have not seen it my duty to put away from me. I feel the highest gratitude for your affectionate services, nor shall I ever cease to remember your toleration for my errors, and the kind indulgent friendship wherewith you have ever regarded me. My prayer for you all is, that you may be enabled, by the grace of God, to live the lives and to die the deaths of the righteous—that you hold fast the doctrine which is unto salvation, and grow daily in the faith of the Gospel, which both pacifies the conscience and purifies the heart. Quit not, I beseech you, those stations of usefulness to which you were guided, not, I trust, by any human attachment, but by a principle of allegiance to Him who is the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever. Do with all your might that which your hand findeth to do; and more particularly do I crave, that throughout the remaining months of my abode in the midst of you, you will afford me the aid of all your light and experience in the maturing of those final arrangements by which the parish may be transmitted in the best possible condition to my successor.”

After discharging the duties of his professorship at St Andrews for four years, he was appointed to the Chair of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, and commenced his duties in November 1828. The occasion on which he delivered his introductory lecture is thus referred to by one of the gentlemen present:—“It was a day, as you will easily believe, of no common expectation and ex-

citement, not only among those who were professionally required to become his pupils, but also to not a few of the worthiest citizens of Edinburgh, who having once and again listened with impassioned wonder and delight to his mighty words as a preacher of the Gospel, scarcely knew what to expect from him as an academic expounder and disciplinarian in the science of theology. If I may judge of other minds from the state of my own feelings at the time, I may safely state, that at no time, either before or since, has a tumult of emotions, so peculiar and intense, agitated the hearts of the many who waited for his first appearance in the Chair of Theology. I well remember his look as he first came from the vestry into the passage leading to the desk. He had an air of extreme abstraction, and at the same time of full presence of mind. Ascending the steps in his familiar resolute manner, he almost immediately engaged in his opening prayer: that was most startling, and yet deeply solemnising. In closest union with a simple, forcible antithesis of intellectual conception, clothed in still more antithetical expressions, there was the deep vital consciousness of the glory of the Divine presence. The power of the dialectician, restrained and elevated by the prayerful reverence as of some prophet in ancient Israel, imparted a most remarkable peculiarity of aspect to his first devotional utterances in the class. On his discourse I shall not presume on *your* patience by anything like detailed remark. All felt

far more deeply than they could worthily declare, that it was a most glorious prelude, and that at once and for ever his right to reign as a king in the broad realms of theological science, and to rule over their own individual minds as a teacher, was as unequivocal as his mastery over a popular assembly. Personally I always feel, in recalling that scene, as if, by some peculiar enchantment of association, I had listened, all unconscious of the present world, to one or other of Handel's most sublime efforts of harmony. To this hour I dwell with all the mysterious delight that is awakened by some grand choral symphony on some of his novel expressions, which, borrowed from physical science, directly tended, by almost more than the force of the best diagrams, to make his noble thoughts all our own."

Without any attempt to present the reader with the numerous particulars which unite to make up his history from the period of his appointment as Professor of Divinity, we shall present them with a passage from the writings of Mr Gilfillan:—"We linger as we trace over in thought the leading incidents of his well-known story. We see the big-headed, warm-hearted, burly boy, playing upon the beach at Anstruther, and seeming like a gleam of early sunshine upon that coldest of all coasts. We follow him as he strides along with large, hopeful, awkward steps to the gate of St. Andrews. We see him, a second Dominie Sampson, in his tutor's garret at Arbroath, in the midst of a proud and

pompous family—himself as proud, though not so pompous, as they. We follow him next to the peaceful manse of Kilmany, standing amid its green woods and hills, in a very nook of the land, whence he emerges, now to St. Andrews, to battle with the stolid and slow-moving professors of that day; now to Dundee, to buy materials for chemical research (on one occasion setting himself on fire with some combustible substance, and requiring to run to a farmhouse to get himself put out!); now to the woods and hills around to botanise; and now to Edinburgh to attend the General Assembly, and give earnest of those great oratorical powers which were afterwards to astonish the Church and the world. With solemn awe we stand by his bedside during that long, mysterious illness, which brought him to himself, and taught him that religion was a reality, as profound as sin, sickness, and death. We mark him, then, rising up from his couch, like an eagle newly bathed—like a giant refreshed—and commencing that course of evangelical teaching and action only to be terminated in the grave. We pursue him to Glasgow, and see him sitting down in a plain house in Sauchiehall Road, and proceeding to write sermons which are to strike that city like a planet, and make him the real King of the West. We mark him, next, somewhat worn and wearied, returning to his *alma mater*, to resume his old games of golf on the Links, his old baths in the Bay, and to give an impetus, which has never yet entirely

subsided, to that grass-grown city of Rutherford and Halyburton. Next we see him bursting like a shell this narrow confine, and soaring away to 'stately Edinburgh, throned on crags,' to become there a principality and power among many, and to give stimulus and inspiration to hosts of young aspirants. What divine of the age, on the whole, can we name with Chalmers? Horsley was, perhaps, an abler man, but where the moral grandeur? Hall had the moral grandeur, and a far more cultivated mind; Foster had a sterner, loftier, and richer genius; but where, in either, the seraphic ardour, activity, and energy of Christian character possessed by Chalmers? Irving, as an orator, had more artistic skill, and, at the same time, his blood was warm with a more volcanic and poetic fire; but he was only a brilliant fragment, not a whole—he was a meteor to a star—a comet to a sun—a Vesuvius, peaked, blue, crowned with fire, to a domed Mont Blanc. Chalmers stood alone; and centuries may elapse ere the Church shall see—and when did she ever more need to see?—another such spirit as he?"

Dr Chalmers died on the night of the 30th May, 1847. He had recently returned from London, and apparently in his usual good health. "During the whole of the evening, as if he had kept his brightest smiles and fondest utterances to the last, and for his own, he was peculiarly bland and benignant. 'I had seen him frequently,' says Mr Gemmel, 'at Fairlie, and in his most happy moods, but I never saw

him happier. Christian benevolence beamed from his countenance, sparkled in his eye, and played upon his lips.' Immediately after prayers he withdrew, and bidding his family remember that they must be early to-morrow, he waved his hand, saying, 'A general good-night.' The housekeeper, who had been long in the family, knocked next morning at the door of Dr Chalmers's room, but received no answer. Concluding that he was asleep, and unwilling to disturb him, she waited till another party called with a second message; she then entered the room—it was in darkness; she spoke, but there was no response. At last she threw open the window-shutters, and drew aside the curtains of the bed. He sat there, half erect, his head reclining gently on the pillow; the expression of his countenance that of fixed and majestic repose. She took his hand—she touched his brow; he had been dead for hours: very shortly after that parting salute to his family he had entered the eternal world. It must have been wholly without pain or conflict. The expression of the face undisturbed by a single trace of suffering, the position of the body so easy that the least struggle would have disturbed it, the very posture of arms and hands and fingers known to his family as that into which they fell naturally in the moments of entire repose,—conspired to show, that, saved all strife with the last enemy, his spirit had passed to its place of blessedness and glory in the heavens."

HENRY MARTYN.

AMONG those who having dedicated themselves to the service of God, have been distinguished by a compassionate love of their fellow-men, and an intense desire to promote their highest interests, one of the most honoured, and most worthy of honour, is the Rev. Henry Martyn. The apostolic simplicity and fervour with which he proclaimed the Gospel; the indefatigable zeal with which he devoted himself to his sacred work; the great intellectual ability and scholarship he employed in it; and the deep and unfeigned humility with which he regarded himself,—these were among the many valuable qualities he possessed, and in which, if it can be said that he was ever equalled, it must be affirmed that he has been seldom surpassed.

He was born at Truro, on the 18th of February, 1781. His father was originally a poor Cornish miner, who, by improving his mind during the intervals of his labours, raised himself out of his humble position to the comparatively superior situation of chief clerk to a merchant in Truro. His son Henry—the subject of this notice—was put to school in his native town in 1788, where he was under the care of the Rev. Dr Cardew, a man of talent and learning.

“Little Harry Martyn” (for by that name he usually went), says one of his earliest friends and companions, “was in a manner proverbial among his schoolfellows for a peculiar tenderness and inoffensiveness of spirit, which exposed him to the ill offices of many overbearing boys; and as there was at times some peevishness in his manner when attacked, he was often unkindly treated. That he might receive assistance in his lessons, he was placed near one of the upper boys, with whom he contracted a friendship that lasted through life, and whose imagination readily recalls the position in which he used to sit, the thankful expression of his affectionate countenance when he happened to be helped out of some difficulty, and a thousand other little incidents of his boyish days.” Besides assisting him in his exercises, his friend, it is added, “had often the happiness of rescuing him from the grasp of oppressors, and has never seen more feeling of gratitude evinced than was shown by him on those occasions.”

After remaining under Dr Cardew’s tuition till he was between fourteen and fifteen years of age, and making great progress in classical learning, he offered himself for a vacant scholarship at Oxford, but was unsuccessful, although he passed a most creditable examination. The friend, however, who, as above mentioned, had been his protector during his school-boy days, having met with signal success at Cambridge, he directed his views to that univer-

sity, and entered St. John's College in October 1796, where he enjoyed that counsel and friendship, the advantage and value of which he had already so frequently experienced. It was by the advice of this friend, that his mind was first directed to spiritual things; but it was by an affecting visitation of divine Providence that he was led seriously to contemplate their supreme importance. This was the death of his father, whose approbation had hitherto formed the great stimulus to his exertions. This afflictive incident had the effect of directing his mind to the future world, and through divine grace, at the same time, the ministry of the truly excellent Mr Simeon was made greatly instrumental to his advancement in spiritual knowledge. While he was thus growing in grace, he was also increasing in secular learning, and at the examination in January 1801, he obtained the highest honour which the university can bestow, that of Senior Wrangler. On the subject of this examination, the following interesting passage occurs in his biography:—"From Henry Martyn much was expected; and had he altogether failed, his temporal interests would have materially suffered. Nor was he naturally insensible to those perturbations which are apt to arise in a youthful and ambitious breast. It happened, however (as he was frequently known to assert), that, upon entering the Senate-House—in which a larger than the usual proportion of able young men were his competitors—his mind

was singularly composed and tranquillised by the recollection of a sermon which he had heard not long before, on the text, 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not, saith the Lord.' He thus became divested of that extreme anxiety about success, which, by harassing his spirit, must have impeded the free exercise of his powers. His decided superiority in mathematics therefore soon appeared, and the highest academical honour—that of Senior Wrangler—was awarded to him in January 1801, at which period he had not completed the twentieth year of his age. Nor is it any disparagement to that honour, or to those who conferred it on him, to record that it was attended in this instance with that sense of disappointment and dissatisfaction to which all earthly blessings are subject. His description of his own feelings on this occasion is very remarkable: 'I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow.' So impossible is it for earthly distinctions, even though awarded for successful exertions of the intellect, to fill and satisfy the mind, especially after it has tasted 'the good word of God, and the power of the world to come.' So certain is it, that he who drinks of the water of the wells of *this* life must thirst again, and that it is the water which springs up to *everlasting* life which alone affords never-failing refreshment."

Not long after the signal honours which Henry Martyn had attained, he was elected a Fellow of

St. John's College, and gained the first prize for the best Latin prose composition, a distinction all the more remarkable, as he had directed his attention previously almost wholly to mathematics. These important incidents occurred in 1802, and were followed by a visit to his relatives in Cornwall, of which he has left an interesting account in his Journal. In October 1803, he was ordained at Ely, and immediately afterwards commenced his ministerial labours as curate to his friend the Rev. Charles Simeon. The various passages from his letters and diaries are such as to prove that no man ever entered on the sacred office of the ministry with brighter prospects. What singleness of aim, what beautiful simplicity of soul, what purity of heart, what humility of spirit, what sincere piety toward God and charity toward men, breathe in everything he has written! And if to such remarkable endowments are added his profound and accurate attainments, and the earnestness of his preaching, we cannot err in saying, that he assuredly possessed prospects, both of the greatest future usefulness in the Church, and of the highest dignity which it can bestow. But, however ample the emoluments or honours might have been, which would have rewarded such singular talents and acquirements as those of Henry Martyn, nevertheless the ardour of his piety and the spirituality of his mind led him to regard worldly distinctions as nothing, compared with the honour of being an am-

bassador for Christ, although amidst peril, inconvenience, and suffering. Some remarks made on one occasion by Mr Simeon, as to the benefit which had arisen from the labours of Dr Carey in the East, the perusal subsequently of the Life of Brainerd, who had devoted himself with apostolical zeal to the conversion of the North American Indians, directed his thoughts to missionary labours abroad; and after much consideration and prayer, he resolved to give himself to the work. "Nor let it be conceived that he could adopt this resolution without the severest conflict in his mind; for he was endued with the truest sensibility of heart, and was susceptible of the warmest and tenderest attachments. No one could exceed him in love for his country, or in affection for his friends; and few could surpass him in an exquisite relish for the various and refined enjoyments of a social and literary life; how then could it fail of being a moment of extreme anguish, when he came to the deliberate resolution of leaving for ever all he held dear upon earth? But he was fully satisfied that the glory of that Saviour, who loved him and gave himself for him, would be promoted by his going forth to preach to the heathen: he considered their pitiable and perilous condition; he thought on the value of their immortal souls; he remembered the last solemn injunction of his Lord, 'Go and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;'—an in-

junction never revoked, and commensurate with that most encouraging promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Actuated by these motives, he offered himself in the capacity of a Missionary to the Society for Missions to Africa and the East; and from that time stood prepared, with a child-like simplicity of spirit and an unshaken constancy of soul, to go to any part of the world, whither it might be deemed expedient to send him."

It could not be difficult for a person so justly eminent as Mr Martyn to carry out this resolution, and without much trouble he obtained an appointment to a chaplainship under the East India Company, and early in 1805 was summoned to leave England for the scene of his future toils. We reluctantly pass over the many deeply interesting incidents related of him, between the period of his ordination and the time of his departure to India. All his engagements, whether as one of the learned examiners at Cambridge or as an eloquent preacher of the Gospel, and his whole conduct as a private Christian, in the various relations in which he stood to others, indicated with beautiful harmony the ardent piety which appears to have governed all his words, actions, and thoughts.

On the 8th of July, 1805, he left London, to embark at Portsmouth, and great was the grief with which he quitted his native land. During his journey to Portsmouth, the agony of his grief was so

acute as to result in fainting and convulsions, although on the following day he was able to proceed upon his journey. But he learnt what was to him a great comfort, because a proof of the love with which his flock at Cambridge regarded him, that on the day of his departure they intended to give themselves to fasting and prayer.

On the 17th of July the ship in which he had embarked sailed, in company with a large fleet, and came to an anchor two days afterwards in the harbour of Falmouth, where he was detained three weeks. It will be remembered that Cornwall was his native county, and we learn from his Journal how much suffering would have been spared him, had his ship not visited the shores endeared to him by the recollections of his early days. The ships sailed on the 10th of August, during the whole of which day and greater part of the next Cornwall was still in sight; "and who is there," asks Mr Sargent, "endued with the sensibilities of our common nature, but must have been subjected to the most painful emotions, whilst slowly passing for the last time along a coast, where every object which caught the eye—every headland—every building—every wood, served to remind him of endearments that were past, and of pleasures never to be renewed! That Apostle who professed that he was 'ready, not to be bound only, but even to die at Jerusalem, for the name of the Lord Jesus,' exclaimed also—'What mean ye to weep and to break

my heart?' And he, too, when sailing to Rome along the 'sea of Cilicia,' may be well supposed to have looked mournfully towards the region of his nativity, and to have thought with pain on Tarsus. But Mr Martyn's own hand shall portray his feelings.—'Sunday, August 11.—I rose dejected, and extremely weak in body. After simply crying to God, for mercy and assistance, I preached on Heb. xi. 16:—"But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city." On repeating the text a second time, I could scarcely refrain from bursting into tears. For the Mount and St. Hilary spire and trees were just discernible by the naked eye at the time I began my sermon, by saying, "that now the shores of England were receding fast from our view, and that we had taken a long, and to many of us an everlasting farewell," &c. We had made little way during the night, and in the morning I was pleased to find that we were in Mount's Bay, midway between the Land's End and the Lizard; and I was often with my glass recalling those beloved scenes; till after tea, when, on ascending the poop, I found that they had disappeared: but this did not prevent my praying for all on shore. Amidst the extreme gloom of my mind this day, I found great pleasure, at seasons of prayer, in interceding earnestly for my beloved friends all over England.' "

The occurrences of the voyage are all deeply interesting. We can refer but to a few. The ship, after touching at Funchal, proceeded to St. Salvador in South America, where Mr Martyn went on shore. Here he made acquaintance with Signor Antonio Corrè, as to his intercourse with whom we shall cite a few passages from his Journal. "I continued my walk," he says, "in quest of a wood, or some trees where I might sit down: but all was appropriated; no tree was to be approached except through an enclosure. At last I came to a magnificent porch, before a garden-gate, which was open; I walked in, but finding the vista led straight to the house, I turned to the right, and found myself in a grove of cocoanut-trees, orange-trees, and several strange fruit-trees; under them was nothing but rose-trees, but no verdure on the ground; oranges were strewed like apples in an orchard. Perceiving that I was observed by the slaves, I came up to the house, and was directed by them to an old man sitting under a tree, apparently insensible from illness. I spoke to him in French and in English; but he took no notice. Presently a young man and a young lady appeared, to whom I spoke in French, and was very politely desired to sit down at a little table, which was standing under a large space before the house like a verandah. They then brought me oranges, and a small red acid fruit, the name of which I asked, but cannot recollect. The young man sat opposite, conversing about Cambridge; he

had been educated in a Portuguese university. Almost immediately on finding I was of Cambridge, he invited me to come when I liked to his house. A slave, after bringing the fruit, was sent to gather three roses for me; the master then walked with me round the garden, and showed me among the rest the coffee plant; when I left him, he repeated his invitation. Thus did the Lord give his servant favour in the eyes of Antonio Joseph Corrè.—Nov. 14.—Senor Antonio received me with the same cordiality; he begged me to dine with him. I was curious and attentive to observe the difference between the Portuguese manners and ours; there were but two plates laid on the table, and the dinner consisted of a great number of small mixed dishes, following one another in quick succession; but none of them very palatable. In the cool of the evening, we walked out to see his plantation; here everything possessed the charm of novelty. The grounds included two hills, and a valley between them. The hills were covered with cocoanut-trees, bananas, mangoes, orange and lemon trees, olives, coffee, chocolate, cotton-plants, &c. In the valley was a large plantation of a shrub or tree, bearing a cluster of small berries, which he desired me to taste; I did, and found it was pepper. It had lately been introduced from Batavia, and answered very well. It grows on a stem about the thickness of a finger, to the height of about seven feet, and is supported by a stick, which, at that height, has another across it

for the branches to spread upon. Slaves were walking about the grounds, watering the trees and turning up the earth; the soil appeared very dry and loose. At night I returned to the ship in one of the country boats; which are canoes made of a tree hollowed out, and paddled by three men."

The following extract proves how amiable his manners must have been, to render him an object of such affectionate interest to persons whom he had never seen before, and to whom he was an utter stranger. "' In the afternoon took leave of my kind friends, Senor and Senora Corrè. They and the rest came out to the garden-gate, and continued looking, till the winding of the road hid me from their sight. The poor slave Raymond, who had attended me, and carried my things, burst into a flood of tears as we left the door; and when I parted from him, he was going to kiss my feet; but I shook hands with him, much affected by such extraordinary kindness, in people to whom I had been a total stranger, till within a few days. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his mercies!' After little more than a fortnight, the fleet sailed; whilst many a grateful recollection filled the breast, and many a fervent prayer ascended from the heart of Mr Martyn, in behalf of Senor and Senora Corrè: from them he had received signal kindness and hospitality; and it might not perhaps be too much to observe, that not being 'forgetful to entertain strangers,' they had 'entertained an angel unawares.'

'I have been with my friend Antonio,' said he, 'as a wayfaring man that tarrieth but for a night; yet the Lord hath put it into his heart to send me on after a goodly sort. And now we prosecute our voyage; a few more passages, and I shall find myself in the scene of my ministry; a few more changes and journeys, and I am in eternity.' "

During the voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, we find Mr Martyn, besides displaying his usual zeal in the service of the Gospel, attending the sick and dying, seized by illness, and renewing his ministry to others as soon as he recovers strength; at the Cape, we find him going ashore, with the purpose of doing some good to those dying of their wounds in a battle which had just been fought, and devoting himself with his usual assiduity to such spiritual work as he had an opportunity of performing. After a very eventful voyage, in which his ship was more than once in the most imminent danger of being wrecked, he arrived in India, where he was cordially welcomed. The order of talent with which he was endowed, and his very remarkable acquirements, were such as suited him in a peculiar manner to Calcutta, but no solicitations of his friends in that city could shake his resolution to devote himself to missionary work among the heathen; and fixing his residence at Dinapore, his immediate objects were, to establish native schools, study Hindostanee, ^{to} as to speak it readily, and prepare translationⁱⁿ of the Scriptures and of reli-

gious books. To the accomplishment of these objects, he devoted himself with indefatigable industry. At Dinapore he remained till early in 1809, when he was removed to Cawnpore, where he remained till about the close of 1810, when the state of his health rendered a change of residence imperatively necessary. He resolved therefore to go into Persia and Arabia, so that, while the change of climate and the journey might restore his health, he might also carry out his views as to a translation into Persian of the New Testament. It was with great regret that his friends perceived the inevitable necessity of his departure; but the hope of his health and life being prolonged by it, as well as the prospect of his completing a translation of such value, reconciled them to the step. "Can I then," said one of his friends in a letter to him, "bring myself to cut the string and let you go? I confess I could not, if your bodily frame were strong, and promised to last for half-a-century. But as you burn with the intenseness and rapid blaze of heated phosphorus, why should we not make the most of you? Your flame may last as long, and perhaps longer, in Arabia than in India. Where should the phoenix build her odoriferous nest, but in the land prophetically called 'the blessed?' and where shall we ever expect, but from that country, the true comforter to come to the nations of the East? I contemplate your New Testament, springing up, as it were, from dust and ashes, but beau-

tiful 'as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers like yellow gold.'"

On his way to Persia, he revisited Calcutta, after an absence of four years, pale and enfeebled, but filled with unabated zeal in the great cause to which he had devoted himself. On this occasion, the Rev. Mr Thomason thus wrote to Mr Martyn's friend, the Rev. Charles Simeon:—"This bright and lovely jewel first gratified our eyes on Saturday last. He is on his way to Arabia, where he is going in pursuit of health and knowledge. You know his genius, and what gigantic strides he takes in everything. He has some great plan in his mind of which I am no competent judge; but as far as I do understand it, the object is far too grand for one short life, and much beyond his feeble and exhausted frame. Feeble it is indeed! how fallen and changed! His complaint lies in the lungs, and appears to be an incipient consumption. But let us hope that the sea-air may revive him, and that change of place and pursuit may do him essential service, and continue his life many years. In all other respects, he is exactly the same as he was; he shines in all the dignity of love, and seems to carry about him such a heavenly majesty, as impresses the mind beyond description. But, if he talks much, though in a low voice, he sinks, and you are reminded of his being 'dust and ashes.'"

After touching at Colombo, Goa, and Bombay, Mr Martyn arrived in Bushire, and proceeded to

Shiraz. From his account of the latter part of his journey to that famous seat of Persian literature, it will be perceived how much he had to suffer:—"At sunrise we came to our ground at Ahmeda, six parasangs, and pitched our little tent under a tree; it was the only shelter we could get. At first the heat was not greater than we had felt it in India, but it soon became so intense as to be quite alarming. When the thermometer was above 112° , fever heat, I began to lose my strength fast; at last it became quite intolerable. I wrapped myself up in a blanket, and all the warm covering I could get, to defend myself from the external air; by which means the moisture was kept a little longer upon the body, and not so speedily evaporated as when the skin was exposed; one of my companions followed my example, and found the benefit of it. But the thermometer still rising, and the moisture of the body being quite exhausted, I grew restless, and thought I should have lost my senses. The thermometer at last stood at 126° : in this state I composed myself, and concluded that, though I might hold out a day or two, death was inevitable. Captain —, who sat it out, continued to tell the hour, and height of the thermometer; and with what pleasure did we hear of its sinking to 120° , 118° , &c. At last the fierce sun retired, and I crept out, more dead than alive. It was then a difficulty how I could proceed on my journey: for, besides the immediate effects of the heat, I had no opportunity

of making up for the last night's want of sleep, and had eaten nothing. However, while they were loading the mules I got an hour's sleep, and set out, the muleteers leading my horse, and Zechariah, my servant, an Armenian of Isfahan, doing all in his power to encourage me. The cool air of the night restored me wonderfully, so that I arrived at our next munzel with no other derangement than that occasioned by want of sleep. Expecting another such day as the former, we began to make preparation the instant we arrived on the ground. I got a tattie made of the branches of the date-tree, and a Persian peasant to water it; by this means the thermometer did not rise higher than 114°. But what completely secured me from the heat was a large wet towel, which I wrapped round my head and body, muffling up the lower part in clothes. How could I but be grateful to a gracious Providence, for giving me so simple a defence against what I am persuaded would have destroyed my life that day! We took care not to go without nourishment, as we had done: the neighbouring village supplied us with curds and milk. At sunset, rising up to go out, a scorpion fell upon my clothes; not seeing where it fell, I did not know what it was; but Captain ——, pointing it out, gave the alarm, and I struck it off, and he killed it. The night before we found a black scorpion in our tent; this made us rather uneasy; so that though the kafila did not start till midnight, we got no sleep, fearing

we might be visited by another scorpion. June 2.— We arrived at the foot of the mountains, at a place where we seemed to have discovered one of nature's ulcers. A strong suffocating smell of naphtha announced something more than ordinarily foul in the neighbourhood. We saw a river—what flowed in it, it seemed difficult to say, whether it were water or green oil; it scarcely moved, and the stones which it laved, it left of a greyish colour, as if its foul touch had given them the leprosy. Our place of encampment this day was a grove of date-trees, where the atmosphere, at sunrise, was ten times hotter than the ambient air. I threw myself down on the burning ground, and slept; when the tent came up I awoke, as usual, in a burning fever. All this day I had recourse to the wet towel, which kept me alive, but would allow of no sleep. It was a sorrowful Sabbath; but Captain —— read a few hymns, in which I found great consolation. At nine in the evening we decamped. The ground and air were so insufferably hot that I could not travel without a wet towel round my face and neck. This night, for the first time, we began to ascend the mountains. The road often passed so close to the edge of the tremendous precipices, that one false step of the horse would have plunged his rider into inevitable destruction. In such circumstances I found it useless to attempt guiding the animal, and therefore gave him the rein. These poor animals are so used to journeys of this sort that they generally step

sure. There was nothing to mark the road but the rocks being a little more worn in one place than in another. Sometimes my horse, which led the way, as being the muleteer's, stopped, as if to consider about the way; for myself, I could not guess at such times where the road lay, but he always found it. The sublime scenery would have impressed me much in other circumstances; but my sleepiness and fatigue rendered me insensible to everything around me. At last we merged *superas ad auras*, not on the top of a mountain, to go down again,—but to a plain, or upper world. At the pass, where a cleft in the mountain admitted us into the plain, was a station of Rahdars. While they were examining the muleteer's passports, &c., time was given for the rest of the kafila to come up, and I got a little sleep for a few minutes.—June 4.—We rode briskly over the plain, breathing a purer air, and soon came in sight of a fair edifice, built by the king of the country for the refreshment of pilgrims. In this caravansera we took our abode for the day. It was more calculated for Eastern than European travellers, having no means of keeping out the air and light. We found the thermometer at 110°. At the passes we met a man travelling down to Bushire with a load of ice, which he willingly disposed of to us. The next night we ascended another range of mountains, and passed over a plain, where the cold was so piercing, that, with all the clothes we could muster, we were shivering. At

the end of this plain we entered a dark valley, contained by two ranges of hills converging one to another. The muleteer gave notice that he saw robbers. It proved to be a false alarm; but the place was fitted to be a retreat for robbers; there being on each side caves and fastnesses from which they might have killed every man of us. After ascending another mountain, we descended by a very long and circuitous route into an extensive valley, where we were exposed to the sun till eight o'clock. Whether from the sun, or from continued want of sleep, I could not, on my arrival at Carzeroon, compose myself to sleep; there seemed to be a fire within my head, my skin like a cinder, and the pulse violent. Through the day it was again too hot to sleep; though the place we occupied was a sort of summer-house, in a garden of cypress-trees, exceedingly well fitted up with mats and coloured glass. Had the kafila gone on that night, I could not have accompanied it; but it halted there a day; by which means I got a sort of a night's rest, though I awoke twenty times to dip my burning head in water. Though Carzeroon is the second greatest town in Fars, we could get nothing but bread, milk, and eggs, and those with difficulty. The governor, who is under great obligations to the English, heard of our arrival, but sent no message."

The incidents which took place during his abode in Persia are extremely interesting, and highly characteristic; but we can only add, that on the

completion of his version of the New Testament, the state of his health led him to resolve to return to England, and he set forth on his long journey on the 2d of September, 1812, intending to proceed by way of Constantinople, to the British ambassador at which city he had letters. His Journal refers to his passing through Ech-Miazin, Kars, Erzeroum, and other places, on his way to the Turkish capital; and during his journey he suffered much in his state of infirm health. The last entry in his Journal is dated the 6th of October, about a week after he had left Erzeroum, and after having endured the greatest hardships:—"No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God; in solitude my company, my friend, and comforter. Oh! when shall time give place to eternity! When shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness! There, there shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth: none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts—none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more."

At the time of his arrival at Tocat, a few days afterwards, the plague was raging, and the inhabitants were quitting the town in terror. And here, on the 16th of October, 1812, Henry Martyn ceased from his labours, and entered into rest, stricken down either by the plague or by the ailment under

which he had been previously suffering. We shall close this brief notice with an extract from the eloquent eulogy pronounced on him by Mr Sargent, in which he speaks of the example he has left:—
“Nor is the example which he has left behind him to be left out of our account, in estimating the effects of his holy and devoted life. He doubtless forsook all for Christ; he loved not his life unto the death. He followed the steps of Ziegenbalg in the old world, and of Brainerd in the new; and whilst he walks with them in white, for he is worthy, he speaks by his example to us who are still in our warfare and pilgrimage upon earth. For surely as long as England shall be celebrated for that pure and Apostolical Church, of which he was so great an ornament; as long as India shall prize that which is more precious to her than all her gems and gold; the name of the subject of this memoir, as a translator of the Scriptures and of the Liturgy, will not wholly be forgotten; and whilst some shall delight to gaze upon the splendid sepulchre of Xavier, and others choose rather to ponder over the granite stone which covers all that was mortal of Swartz, there will not be wanting those who will think of the humble and unfrequented grave of Henry Martyn, and be led to imitate those works of mercy, which have followed him into the world of light and love.”

JOHN WILLIAMS.

AMONG the names which have become permanently associated with the history of missionary enterprise, one of the most distinguished is that of John Williams. This remarkable man was born at Tottenham, near London, on the 29th of June, 1796. His parents intended that he should be brought up to trade, and he was sent to school to receive such instructions as were adapted to a life of business. His education, therefore, was strictly commercial; and he possessed none of the advantages derived from an early acquaintance with classical literature. On his arrival at a suitable age he was apprenticed to a person of the name of Tonkin, an ironmonger in London, under whose care he soon acquired a knowledge of business, exhibiting at the same time a high degree of mechanical skill. His mother had given him the inestimable blessing of a religious education. Mr Tonkin and his wife, also, were persons remarkable for the excellence of their religious character; it appears, however, that, notwithstanding the advantages he thus enjoyed, John Williams, during part of his apprenticeship, so far from exhibiting any disposition towards a life of piety by giving obedience to the instructions he had received, or by taking the example set before him, seemed

entirely devoid of any religious impressions: "I was," he says of himself, "regardless of the Sabbath; a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God; I often scoffed at the name of Christ and his religion, and totally neglected those things which alone can afford solid consolation." But this unhappy condition did not continue; an impressive discourse by the Rev. Timothy East of Birmingham, awakened him to a sense of his sin and folly. To this important incident in his history Mr Williams himself thus refers, in a discourse delivered by himself in the same church:—"It is now twenty-four years ago, since, as a stripling youth, a kind female friend invited me to come into this place of worship. I have the door in my view at this moment at which I entered, and I have all the circumstances of that important era in my history vividly impressed upon my mind; and I have in my eye at this instant the particular spot on which I took my seat. I have also a distinct impression of the powerful sermon that was that evening preached by the excellent Mr East, now of Birmingham; and God was pleased, in his gracious providence, to influence my mind at that time so powerfully that I forsook all my worldly companions." Nor was this the only effect. "From that hour," he wrote subsequently, "my blind eyes were opened, and I beheld wondrous things out of God's law. I diligently attended the means of grace. I saw that beauty and reality in religion which I had never seen before.

My love to it and delight in it increased; and I may add, in the language of the apostle, that I 'grew in grace, and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' "

The impressions thus made upon him becoming more and more vivid, he at length offered himself to the London Missionary Society; and being set apart to the South Sea Mission, he and his wife—for he had been married for about a month previously—sailed for Sydney on the 17th of November, 1816. Mr Williams, therefore, had not reached his twenty-first year when he entered upon the duties and perils of a missionary's life. After a singularly prosperous voyage across the Atlantic, the ship in which he sailed entered the harbour of Rio: "The splendid scenery filled him with delight. His imagination and his heart were kindled by the new and noble objects which rose up on every hand around him. But these first impressions were soon supplanted and effaced by others; for whilst admiring the position of the town, and the heights towering above it clothed and crowned with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, he found that the rich productions of the soil alone flourished there, and that nothing was free, save the birds of brilliant plume, and the insects of every hue which sported in the sun."

From Rio Mr Williams proceeded to Sydney, and thence to New Zealand, and on the 17th November, 1817, exactly a year after his departure

from England, landed on the lovely island of Tahiti. He thus speaks of his impressions on attending divine service, conducted by natives, in the chapel, a few days after his arrival:—"Here my eyes beheld seven or eight hundred people, who, not five years ago, were worshipping idols, and wallowing in the most dreadful wickedness, now praying to and praising our Lord and God. Surely, thought I, the work is done, there is no need of us. Though there are hundreds in these islands who do not know our Lord and Saviour, they are as eager to learn as the miser is to get money. I hope and pray that they will obtain, with an increase of knowledge, a change of heart. It was pleasing to see so many fine-looking females, dressed in white native cloth, and their heads decorated with white flowers, and cocoa-nut leaves plaited in the shape of the front of a cottage bonnet, surrounding the preacher, who occupied the centre of the place." In a similar strain he wrote to the Directors:—"When we arrived at the islands, we were much struck with the attention which the people paid while the Gospel was preached. Our hearts were much affected. It rejoiced us to hear them sing the praises of Jesus, and to see them bow the knee in prayer to him. We could not help contrasting what they are with what they were when 'The Duff' first visited their shores, and we asked ourselves the question, Can these be the people who murdered their own children, for whom they have now the

greatest affection? Are these the people who once offered human sacrifices to appease the anger of their deities? Behold they are pleading the blood of Jesus for the pardon of their sin. The state of the mission is very gratifying, and calls loudly for thankfulness. From what we knew of the former condition of the people, we were really astonished, on our first landing, at the great and glorious change which has taken place—a complete change from idolatry to Christianity; and we trust there are some, though there are not many, really converted to God. On the Sabbath morning after our arrival we went and stood outside their place of worship, and heard one of the natives engage in prayer. He began by addressing God as the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; thanking him for hearing their prayers, and sending them missionaries, and for bringing their wives and their little ones safely over the mighty ocean. He next prayed that we might soon attain their language, so that we might be able to teach them the word of God; adding many other suitable petitions, which gave us much pleasure, warmed our hearts, and excited in us feelings of gratitude and praise.”

Mr Williams soon found ample employment. At Eimeo he was called on to assist in building a ship. “Prior to the arrival of ‘The Active,’ the missionaries, anxious to possess the means of communication with the surrounding islands, and to serve Pomare, who proposed to open a trade with

New South Wales, had made an attempt to build a small vessel ; but the difficulty of the undertaking, and apprehensions that a gainful commerce with the colony could not be carried on, had induced them to abandon their work ; and it is probable that their labour would have been lost had not their energetic young brethren proposed to complete it. Of those with whom the purpose originated Mr Williams was not the last nor the least. 'A day or two after our arrival,' he writes, 'we held a meeting respecting the vessel, and resolved to finish her forthwith. We set to work immediately, every man to his post ; my department was the iron-work ; the others did the wood ; and in eight or ten days she was ready to be launched. A great concourse of natives was gathered to see this extraordinary spectacle. Pomare was requested to name the vessel as she went off. To effect this we passed ropes across the stern, which were pulled by from two to three hundred natives on either side. No sooner was the signal given than the men at the ropes began to pull most furiously, and at the same moment Pomare, who stood on the left-hand side of the vessel, threw the bottle of wine against her bow ; this so startled those who held the ropes on the side of the ship where the king stood, that they lost their hold, and as those on the opposite side continued to pull, she gave a lurch and fell upon her side. The natives immediately raised the lamentation, *Aue te pahi e!* (O the poor ship!) and

were dreadfully discouraged. Pomare had always maintained that she could never be launched, but must be broken in pieces when we should attempt it; and now he went away, exclaiming that his word had come true. But not discouraged, we set to work again, and by the afternoon had raised her upon the stocks, and prepared everything for a second attempt on the Monday, as it was Saturday when she fell. Monday arrived. We drove in the wedges, placed a cable round her stern, stationed the natives as before, and had the satisfaction to see her go off beautifully, amidst the shouts of the people. While this was passing, there was an old warrior, called by the natives a *taata faa ito ito* (*i. e.*, a man who puts life and energy into them during a battle), who stood on a little eminence, exerting himself to animate the men at the ropes. I was near him, and he did in reality 'put life into them.' His action was most inspiring: there seemed not a fibre of his frame which he did not exert; and from merely looking at the old man, I felt as though I was in the very act of pulling."

Mr Williams, while thus engaged in any kind of labour likely to do good, was at the same time anxiously preparing for carrying out the great work to which he had devoted himself. On visiting the principal islands of the Society Group, he found much to encourage him, although there existed many evils yet to be subdued, and many inveterate habits to be overcome. On the 4th of September, 1818, he

preached his first sermon at Huahine in the native language. "This progress was unprecedented, and such as to call forth strong expressions of surprise from the elder brethren, some of whom, on hearing him preach, affirmed that he had done as much in ten months as might have reasonably occupied three years. Thus enabled to open his commission, he preached thrice each week at Raiatea from the commencement of his sojourn there, and was rejoiced to find that the natives easily understood him. In a letter to his mother, written shortly after his settlement in the island, he thus refers to his own ministry:—' You pray, my dearly-beloved mother, that "your boy may be enabled to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the perishing heathen." Your prayer is heard, my dear mother, and answered. I am now actively engaged in preaching Christ. O! that I may have grace to preach him, and him alone; to be faithful unto death. I have made great progress in the language, for which I desire to be very grateful, and to ascribe the praise to him who is both mouth and wisdom. I hope that your son may prove a crown of rejoicing to you. I now shed the tear of affection, my dear mother, while I think that I cannot indulge any very strong expectation of seeing my beloved mother again in the flesh, but I do entertain "a good hope through grace" of meeting you, where the ravishing hand of death will never cause the briny tear of sorrow to roll down the cheek. Press on, my dear mother,

be of good courage, and remember that, although you have given up me, it is to Him who gave himself for you.' ”

Mr Williams' resolution to build a house at Raiatea, not merely to accommodate himself, but to stimulate the imitative powers and interest the minds of the people, exhibits the sound sense and judgment with which he acted. “ Having selected a convenient plot of ground, Mr Williams resolved to erect upon it a dwelling-house in the English style, and in all respects superior to any building ever seen or even imagined by the people around him. To this he was incited, not merely by a desire to obtain for himself and his family a commodious and respectable residence, but by the hope of elevating the standard and awakening the emulation of those whom he was anxious to benefit. Before this time the best native houses consisted of but one apartment, which was used by the whole family, and for all domestic purposes. This was covered with a thatched roof, but open at the sides, and carpeted with dry, and too frequently dirty, grass. Mr Williams perceived the unfitness of such abodes for the purposes he had in view. He knew that domestic comfort, social morality, and spiritual religion could never flourish, unless the degraded habits, inseparable from such a mode of living, were first destroyed. He therefore resolved to show the people a more excellent way. ‘ It was my determination,’ he writes, ‘ when I left England, to have as respectable a dwelling-

house as I could erect ; for the missionary does not go to barbarise himself, but to elevate the heathen ; not to sink himself to their standard, but to raise them to his.' "

Other means to the same end were adopted. "We have established," says Mr Williams, "in our little way, a *Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences*. The first reward or encouragement was from Brother Threlkeld. Brother Orsmond and I have proposed to give fifty nails each to the man who begins first to build his boat. An old chief is now gone to cut the keel of one which he is to build in my yard ; and he is to have one hundred and fifty nails to fasten the ends of the planks on the gunwale, and to use in any other place where the *cinet* does not bind sufficiently tight. Thus, while we are actively engaged in promoting the eternal interests of the natives, we are not forgetful of their temporal, remembering the injunction, 'not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' We are glad to be able to inform you, that many have built themselves very neat little houses, and are now living in them with their wives and families. The king, through seeing ours, and by our advice, has had a house erected near to us. It contains four rooms, wattled, and plastered inside and out, and floored. He is the first native on these islands that ever had such a house ; but many others are now following his example. Thus, while teaching them the things which belong to their eternal

peace, we do not forget their temporal improvement, and desire to remember the connection between being fervent in spirit, and diligent in business."

The preaching of the Gospel, the establishment of schools for the old as well as the young, and the active assistance and judicious labours of Mr Williams and his coadjutors, produced a vast improvement in an incredibly short period of time; but for a particular account of those labours and their results, we must refer the reader to the *Memoirs* by Mr Prout, the incidents related in which will prove in the highest degree interesting.

After a long residence among those lovely islands which constituted the scene of his indefatigable exertions, and on which he had been instrumental in conferring incalculable benefit, Mr Williams returned to England in 1834. His principal object in visiting his native country was to awaken public interest in the cause he had espoused, and procure the means of carrying out his enterprise with additional vigour. The success which attended this effort was most cheering. Mr Williams held meetings in most of the important cities of Britain, and communicated information of the highest interest. On the completion of his "*Missionary Enterprises*," he sent copies of the work to many persons of high rank, from whom he obtained much encouragement. The sale of the book was extremely rapid, and it effectually aided Mr Williams in his efforts to stimulate the interest which the people of England

took in his labours. Ample funds were soon collected, a ship was purchased, and freighted with everything likely to minister to the comfort of the voyagers and the success of their future efforts, and Mr Williams once more took his departure to Polynesia. On his arrival at the scene of his labours, he met with a most cordial reception from all the people in every island he visited, and once more engaged in the same untiring course of exertion, leaving nothing undone that might contribute in advancing the civilisation of the natives, or promoting their knowledge of divine things. But the successes which this enterprising missionary had already obtained encouraged him to make new efforts to extend the Gospel to other islands still in heathen darkness. The New Hebrides, especially, a group far to the west of the Society Islands, engaged his attention, and he found it impossible to rest until he had made an effort to convey thither the unspeakable blessings already communicated to the natives of the Society Islands. In this attempt Mr Williams lost his life, and, perhaps, it may be affirmed that the attempt was rash and unjustifiable. There was abundant scope for all his activity at Tahiti and the surrounding islands. It had pleased God in a remarkable manner to bless his labours there; and so long as there remained much yet to be accomplished in the scene where those labours were thus divinely recognised, it could be nothing less than an imprudent excess of zeal which led

him to expose to danger that life, the continuance of which would have been so valuable to those whom he had already contributed to enlighten. Such considerations, however, do not appear to have had any weight with him.

The grief which Mr Williams' death occasioned is well exhibited in the following passage:—"It was at the dead hour of night that Mrs Williams was awoke by the messenger who bore these heavy tidings; but who could depict that scene, or describe her sorrows? Great as was her fortitude, and it has been rarely surpassed, this astounding stroke for a season paralysed and prostrated her powers of thought and utterance. Hers was anguish too deep for tears. But grief was not confined to this solitary house of mourning. Had the death-scene in Egypt been that night repeated in Samoa, there could scarcely have been lamentations more bitter, or cries more piercing, than those which this intelligence awakened. In a short time every sleeping native had been aroused, and through the morning twilight they were seen grouped together in solemn and sorrowful communication, while on every hand were heard the sounds of deep distress. Early on the following day the report brought to the spot chiefs, teachers, and multitudes of natives, who gathered around the house of their departed friend, uttering the pathetic cries, '*Aue Williamu! Aue Tama!*' '*Alas, Williams! alas, our father!*' Even the heathen were drawn to the place, and joined in

these lamentations. All were anxious to see Mrs Williams, and to administer consolation; but this for many hours she was unable to bear. At length, towards the evening, she yielded to the great importunity of Malietoa, who had hastened from his own settlement, and allowed him to be admitted; and, as soon as he entered the room, he burst forth into the most passionate expressions of distress, weeping, beating his breast, and crying, 'Alas, Williamu, Williamu, our father, our father! He has turned his face from us! We shall never see him more! He that brought us the good word of salvation is gone! Oh! cruel heathen! they know not what they did! How great a man they have destroyed!' After indulging for some time in these and similar exclamations, he turned to Mrs Williams, who was lying upon a sofa, and, kneeling by her side, he gently took her hand, and, while the tears were flowing fast down his cheeks, he said in the softest and most soothing tones, 'Oh! my mother! do not grieve so much; do not kill yourself with grieving. You, too, will die with sorrow, and be taken away from us, and then, oh! what shall we do? Think of John, and of your very little boy who is with you, and think of that other little one in a far distant land, and do not kill yourself. Do love, and pity, and compassionate us.' "

And the sorrow expressed at his death throughout the whole of the group of islands where he had laboured was deep and unfeigned, proving how greatly

he had been beloved, and how highly the natives of Polynesia estimated the benefits he had been instrumental in conferring upon them. It need hardly be said how deeply he was lamented in England by all those either directly or indirectly interested in the noble work in the cause of which he had perished.

ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

THE amiable subject of this memoir was born in Edinburgh in May 1813. At the High School, and subsequently at the University of his native city, he maintained a respectable position, gaining considerable distinction in his various classes. It was not, however, till he entered the divinity classes in 1831 that he manifested those decidedly religious impressions which in subsequent years so remarkably modified his character and conduct. Towards the middle of his theological course his diary clearly indicates that he had already made no small progress in the knowledge of divine truth, and his engagements to visit the poor, and carry to them the glad tidings of the Gospel, evinced the sincerity of his love to God. Having become, in July 1835, a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, he entered on his professional labours as assistant to the Rev. Mr Bonar, minister of the united parishes of Larbert and Dunipace:—"Mr M'Cheyne had great delight in remembering that Larbert was one of the places where, in other days, that holy man of God, Robert Bruce, had laboured and prayed. Writing at an after period from the Holy Land, he expressed the wish, 'May the Spirit be poured upon Larbert as in Bruce's days.' But more than all

associations, the souls of the people, whose salvation he longed for, were ever present to his mind. A letter to Mr Bonar, in 1837, from Dundee, shows us his yearnings over them. 'What an interest I feel in Larbert and Dunipace. It is like the land of my birth. Will the Sun of Righteousness ever rise upon it, making its hills and valleys bright with the light of the knowledge of Jesus!' No sooner was he settled in his chamber here than he commenced his work. With him the commencement of all labour invariably consisted in the preparation of his own soul. The forerunner of each day's visitations was a calm season of private devotion during morning hours. The walls of his chamber were witnesses of his prayerfulness—I believe of his tears, as well as of his cries. The pleasant sound of psalms often issued from his room at an early hour. Then followed the reading of the Word for his own sanctification; and few have so fully realised the blessings of the first Psalm. His leaf did not wither, for his roots were in the waters. It was here, too, that he began to study so closely the works of Jonathan Edwards—reckoning them a mine to be wrought, and if wrought, sure to repay the toil. Along with this author, the Letters of Samuel Rutherford were often in his hand. Books of general knowledge he occasionally perused; but now it was done with the steady purpose of finding in them some illustration of spiritual truth. He rose from reading 'Insect Architecture,' with the

observation, 'God reigns in a community of ants and ichneumenons, as visibly as among living men or mighty seraphim!' His desire to grow in acquaintance with Scripture was very intense; and both Old and New Testament were his regular study. He loved to range over the wide revelation of God. 'He would be a sorry student of this world,' said he to a friend, 'who should for ever confine his gaze to the fruitful fields and well-watered gardens of this cultivated earth. He could have no true idea of what the world was, unless he had stood upon the rocks of our mountains, and seen the bleak muirs and mosses of our barren land; unless he had paced the quarterdeck when the vessel was out of sight of land, and seen the waste of waters without any shore upon the horizon. Just so, he would be a sorry student of the Bible, who would not know all that God has inspired; who would not examine into the most barren chapters to collect the good for which they were intended; who would not strive to understand all the bloody battles which are chronicled, that he might find "bread out of the eater, and honey out of the lion."'

In the field of his labour, he found enough of work to overwhelm his spirit. The several collieries and the Carron Iron-works furnish a population who are, for the most part, either sunk in deep indifference to the truth, or are opposed to it in the spirit of infidelity. Mr M'Cheyne at once saw that the pastor whom he had come to aid, whatever was the

measure of his health, and zeal, and perseverance, had duties laid on him which were altogether beyond the power of man to overtake. When he made a few weeks' trial, the field appeared more boundless, and the mass of souls more impenetrable, than he had ever conceived. It was probably, in some degree, his experience at this time that gave him such deep sympathy with the Church Extension Scheme, as a truly noble and Christian effort for bringing the glad tidings to the doors of a population who must otherwise remain neglected, and were themselves willing so to live and die. He conveyed his impressions on this subject to a friend abroad, in the following terms:—'There is a soul-destroying cruelty in the cold-hearted opposition which is made to the multiplication of ministers in such neglected and overgrown districts as these. If one of our Royal Commissioners would but consent to undergo the bodily fatigue that a minister ought to undergo in visiting merely the sick and dying of Larbert (let alone the visitation of the whole, and preparation for the pulpit), and that for one month, I would engage that, if he be able to rise out of his bed by the end of it, he would change his voice and manner at the Commission Board.' A few busy weeks passed over, occupied from morning to night in such cares and toils, when another part of the discipline he was to undergo was sent. In the end of December, strong oppression of the heart and an irritating cough caused

some of his friends to fear that his lungs were affected; and for some weeks he was laid aside from public duty. On examination, it was found that, though there was a dulness in the right lung, yet the material of the lungs was not affected. For a time, however, the air-vessels were so clogged and irritated, that if he had continued to preach, disease would have quickly ensued. But this also was soon removed, and, under cautious management, he resumed his work."

The ailment with which he was thus affected happily passed away, and Mr M'Cheyne having accepted the charge of St. Peter's Church, Dundee, was ordained in November 1836. The field of labour on which he thus entered was extremely arduous; and in this respect ill suited to one who like him possessed so much more intellectual and moral vigour than bodily strength. Preparing for his pulpit duties, visiting his flock—and especially the sick and dying—attending to the claims of Sabbath schools, and performing the various other duties incident to such a charge, speedily proved to be too severe a course of exertion. "In the close of 1838, some symptoms appeared that alarmed his friends. His constitution, never robust, began to feel the effects of unremitting labour; for, occasionally, he would spend six hours in visiting, and then, the same evening, preach in some room to all the families whom he had that day visited. Very generally, too, on Sabbath, after preaching twice to his

own flock, he was engaged in ministering somewhere else in the evening. But now, after any great exertion, he was attacked by violent palpitation of heart. It soon increased, affecting him in his hours of study; and, at last, it became almost constant. Upon this, his medical advisers insisted on a total cessation of his public work; for though, as yet, there was no organic change on his lungs, there was every reason to apprehend that that might be the result. Accordingly, with deep regret, he left Dundee to seek rest and change of occupation, hoping it would be only for a week or two. A few days after leaving Dundee, he writes from Edinburgh, in reply to the anxious inquiries of his friend Mr Grierson, 'The beating of the heart is not now so constant as it was before. The pitcher draws more quietly at the cistern; so that, by the kind providence of our Heavenly Father, I may be spared a little longer before the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken.' It was found that his complaints were such as would be likely to give way under careful treatment, and a temporary cessation from all exertion. Under his father's roof, therefore, in Edinburgh, he resigned himself to the will of his Father in heaven. But deeply did he feel the trial of being laid aside from his loved employment, though he learnt of Him who was meek and lowly, to make the burden light in his own way, by saying, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.' He wrote to Mr Grierson again,

January 5, 1839, 'I hope this affliction will be blessed to me. I always feel much need of God's afflicting hand. In the whirl of active labour there is so little time for watching, and for bewailing, and seeking grace, to oppose the sins of our ministry, that I always feel it a blessed thing when the Saviour takes me aside from the crowd, as He took the blind man out of the town, and removes the veil and clears away obscuring mists; and by his word and Spirit leads to deeper peace and a holier walk. Ah! there is nothing like a calm look into the eternal world to teach us the emptiness of human praise, the sinfulness of self-seeking and vain-glory—to teach us the preciousness of Christ, who is called "The Third Stone." I have been able to be twice at college to hear a lecture from Dr Chalmers. I have also been privileged to smooth down the dying pillow of an old school-companion, leading him to a fuller joy and peace in believing. A poor heavy-laden soul, too, from Larbert, I have had the joy of leading toward the Saviour. So that, even when absent from my work, and when exiled, as it were, God allows me to do some little things for his name.' "

While thus laid aside, and earnestly longing to return to duty, it was proposed to him to undertake the Mission to the Holy Land which the Church of Scotland had resolved upon. To this proposal he acceded, not only because of the deep interest he took in all missionary enterprises, but

because his medical advisers considered the change of scene and climate likely to conduce to the restoration of his health. The narrative of the Mission to Palestine has been given to the public. Mr M'Cheyne returned to Scotland in 1839, and resumed the duties of his charge with his usual energy. His health, however, was but partially restored, and it was not long before it again exhibited unquestionable symptoms of giving way. He was enabled nevertheless to continue in the discharge of his duties till the spring of 1843, when, full of faith and hope, he entered into rest. "Whether viewed as a son, a brother, a friend, or a pastor, often has the remark been made, by those who knew him most intimately, that he was the most faultless and attractive exhibition of the true Christian which they had ever seen embodied in a living form. His great study was to be Christ-like. He was a man of remarkable singleness of heart. He lived but for one object—the glory of the Redeemer in connection with the salvation of immortal souls. Hence, he carried with him a kind of hallowing influence into every company into which he entered, and his brethren were accustomed to feel as if all were well when their measures met with the sanction and approval of Mr M'Cheyne. He was, indeed, the object of an esteem and reverence altogether singular toward so young a man, and which had their foundation in the deep and universal conviction of his perfect integrity of purpose—his unbend-

ing sincerity and truthfulness—his Christian generosity of spirit—and in the persuasion that he was a man who lived near to God, as was evident from his holy walk, his spiritual and heavenly-minded frame, and his singularly amiable and affectionate temper and disposition.”

JOHN MACKINTOSH.

THERE is something unspeakably melancholy, as well as mysterious, in the death of young persons of high intellectual and moral promise. Old people must necessarily soon quit this life ; they have performed their allotted task, they have accomplished their day ; they have arrived at maturity, and there is nothing premature in their ceasing to live. It is different as to young persons of great promise. They seem in every way calculated to be useful in the world, and the world needs their aid. They seem specially called among their fellows to some mission, to issue in the furtherance of the cause of humanity, and on their early death, we cannot but feel a deeper melancholy than in any other case, because of the disappointment we naturally experience from an event strikingly premature ; nor can we fail to regard the event as mysterious too, inasmuch as the divine Creator permits brilliant genius, and high intellectual ability, and exquisite moral perceptions, all to come into existence apparently in vain, like lovely flowers, which in the morning flourish and grow up, and in the evening are cut down and withered. But we can hardly doubt that the melancholy and the mystery thus arising, spring in a great measure from our

own vanity, as well as from our inadequate perception of the infinite power and wisdom by which God, independently of such instrumentality as we are apt to deem necessary, carries out the mighty scheme of his moral administration. The name of Mr John Mackintosh is another added to the thousand-and-one names of the gifted and the good snatched away in early life, and as to whose premature removal from a scene where they might have been eminently useful, we have to seek for comfort in acknowledging our own ignorance, and bowing down reverently before the infinite wisdom of the great Disposer of all things.

John Mackintosh was the son of William Mackintosh, Esq. of Geddes, in the County of Nairn, and was born in Edinburgh on the 9th of January, 1822. After obtaining his early education at an English school in his native city, he entered the New Academy in 1830, where he greatly distinguished himself as a scholar. "For seven successive years," says his biographer, "he carried the first medal of his class, gaining besides, during the same period, upwards of thirty prizes. After his last examination, the then rector, Archdeacon Williams, in bidding him farewell, and complimenting him on his distinguished career and admirable character while in the Academy, said, 'You may be a great man, but I am quite sure you will be a good one.'"

The following interesting extracts from his diary

will not be unacceptable to the reader. The passages cited were written prior to, or during, his attendance at the University of Glasgow in 1838-9, and they indicate in a striking manner the spirituality of his mind, and his earnest desire to give obedience to the divine will. "This is the last Sabbath which, this year at least, I am to spend here, and as I may not have another opportunity of noting down a few reflections upon this era of my leaving the country, I now do so. Let me meditate on the Lord's gracious dealings with me as far back as I can retrace them. As a child, when just entering on boyhood, I appear to have been most unamiable and vicious to a degree when thwarted in anything, yet perhaps tender-hearted and fond of those who showed me kindness. At the age of six or seven I remember having had some religious impressions, feeling a desire to be a good and a holy man; and, strange to say, though I had read no missionary memoir, and had heard very little upon that subject, I have a confused recollection of wishing to become one in after life. I had also many thoughts of heaven, and longed for the certainty of going there at last, deeming the attainment of this sure hope, however, impossible. Sometimes I even dreamed I was there, and took it as a favourable sign; and frequently, a few years afterwards, when these impressions had worn off—though the desire of escaping hell was naturally still strong—I used to look back upon these early

feelings, thinking with much comfort, that him whom God hath once loved, He will love unto the end. At this time I was attending a public school in Edinburgh, under a very strict teacher (now, alas! departed), where I was distinguished by a very close but specious attention and sobriety of deportment during school hours, dictated by a slavish fear, and carried to an extreme length. At the age of eight, I entered the lowest class of the Edinburgh Academy, again under a very strict teacher, where my attention and staid behaviour continued, with this difference, that the former was now unfeigned, and was kept up at home as well as in school. This secured my gradual rise to the head of a class of sixty or seventy pupils; and through the gradation of seven classes, the same qualities procured me the same honourable place. For five years of this large period of life my brother accompanied me side by side, but in the fifth he left, and since then I have pursued my studies alone. In the sixth year my lamented teacher died; but in the seventh and last year of my academical career, the most important circumstance took place, the effects of which I trust will be felt by me throughout eternity. Here for the present I must end. May the Lord make me grateful for his many mercies!—June 21, 1838.—To-day felt somewhat moved in prayer by a sense of God's grace; the frame, however, was soon over; in devotional reading was remiss and unsettled. All my religious duties clearly show

that I have not yet attained a habitual sense of God's omnipresence. O for greater inclination and strength to serve him with my whole heart!—June 28.—Returning home alone with my father, took the opportunity of broaching a subject which has for some time been pressing me—my future profession in life, if spared. He is much bent on my following the law, to which he has dedicated me for many years. If I do so, Oxford (a place by anticipation dear to my heart!) and perhaps worldly honour await me. Within myself, however, I think the ministry is the profession in which I could lay myself out best with heart and soul, and which, on my deathbed, would afford me most comfort. This would crush my Oxford hopes, and those of worldly success—which I would fain say I disregard, but know too little of my carnal and deceitful heart to do so—besides disappointing the expectations of many of my friends. But it must be decided soon, and is already fixed in the eternal decrees of God. Would that the love of Christ and zeal for his glory were so increased that they might, like the sword of the barbarian conqueror of Rome, easily decide the scale.—June 30.—Spoke of the ministry to-night, and hope the balance in favour of it is preponderating. To-morrow is the Sabbath. O for watchfulness to commence a new week well! If that day is passed carelessly, how can I expect the following six to be otherwise? May I receive grace to obey, in some measure, Isaiah lviii. 13.—

July 4.—Came to a determination, after prayer for guidance, to choose the ministry. The disappointment it must occasion my father almost unnerved me, not that he by any means dislikes the profession, but having my welfare in life at heart, he fears for my success in a line where getting an appointment is now so uncertain. But if I have been called of God, He will provide for me. Communicated my resolution to him, and steps will accordingly be taken. What a solemn prospect! I can hardly bring myself to believe I have undertaken it. What need of improvement! God grant my determinations may become more fixed daily, and that grace and peace may be given me. Probably, from dwelling too much in thought on the Spirit's office in the heart, I have become vexed and unable to prosecute the business I may have in hand, from my thoughts continually recurring to it. May I be enabled to overcome this, or it may become a confirmed habit.—August 8.—Began to meditate on the vanity of all earthly things, unless God have a share in them. Considered first the worthlessness of human acquirements, unless pursued with a single eye to God's glory. Still squander much time, especially during study; this is very bad, after the discipline in that point I have for many years undergone. Again, in humble trust on divine help, I would resolve to live wholly to Christ. This would have saved me from the jealousy I felt to-day on hearing I was surpassed in ability by another. Surely I

know that all natural talent is God's gift ; and that, therefore, whether mine is great or small, I have no reason either to boast or complain, but only to seek to husband it to the best advantage in my Master's service, though it be but one.' "

In 1841 he accompanied Professor Forbes, whose class he attended in Edinburgh College, on a tour to the Continent, with reference to which there are some interesting remarks in his diary. The following is an example :—" 'After breakfast crossed the Ardèche. Professor took sketch from a picturesque little house half-way up the hill. I bathed near the bridge. The lava cut, probably the work of the stream, is very, very fine. Returned home by some stairs formed out of the natural basaltic columns, called here '*les échelles du roi*'—very remarkable. Paused long to admire and meditate on the beautiful landscape before me, the luxuriant growth of chestnuts, walnuts, and other trees ; the harvest, in little patches, already ripe ; the hay-making diffusing old familiar fragrance, the little gardens of vines and vegetables courting the shade more than the sun, and irrigated by gushing, rippling sluices that gave a freshness to the earth, and indeed to the whole scene ; the stupendous walls of lava, carrying the thoughts back to oldest times, and overhead the '*witchery of the soft blue sky*'—a sky of southern softness. Such is a faint catalogue of the thousand beauties of these valleys ; so far as I am aware, little known ; and so far as self-

ishness is concerned, long may they remain so. After dinner, walked with Professor to examine the volcanic crater, and the direction and spread of its stream.' After thus spending a month of rare enjoyment, he parted from the Professor, to return home by the Alps, Geneva, and the Rhine. He then records his parting with his friend, which we cannot help quoting. 'He (Professor Forbes) accompanied me for some miles up the hill, commanding a noble view of the Isère, then bade me God speed, kissed, and departed to return to Grenoble, and thence, by Aug. 12, make for the Grimsel with Mr Heath, to meet Agassiz, and study the glaciers. I, with a bursting heart, proceeded on my lonely way, committing myself and him to God in prayer, and endeavouring to direct my thoughts heavenward. His kindness to me makes me ashamed of my poor return, and my great deficiencies as a companion; having been, I fear, very selfish, taciturn, and foolish in my remarks. I trust I have derived benefit from his company, on the other hand; having seen an example in his indefatigable energy, his exactness of observation, and acuteness of remark; and, as a traveller, his patience under vexations, his total want of selfishness, and his universal kindness of heart. God grant that our love may be cemented in Christ Jesus, and that we may both live to his glory, the only true way to avoid selfishness and every other sin. May every blessing, temporal and spiritual, be multiplied to him!'"

Mr Mackintosh subsequently entered the University of Cambridge, where he distinguished himself as a diligent scholar, and unquestionably might have attained high honours. He quitted Cambridge, however, in 1843, with the resolution of joining the "Free Church" in Scotland, having been unable to make up his mind to join the Established Church either in England or Scotland. In 1848 there were evident symptoms of declining health, and he resolved to proceed to the Continent, partly for his health's sake, and partly for the purposes of study. The diary, from which we have already quoted, continued to be faithfully kept, and is highly worthy of a careful perusal. It records the impressions he received on visiting various celebrated places on the Continent, and affords striking indications of that growing spirituality of mind for which he was so remarkable.

We close our brief notice with an extract from his biographer's account of his last days. Dr Macleod had gone to Tübingen on hearing of his friend's serious illness ; and as it had been resolved that Mr Mackintosh should remove, for the sake of a more genial climate, to Canstadt (a small town near Stuttgart), Dr Macleod accompanied him thither. He thus refers to his journey to that place, and his last days there:—"On the morning of Thursday the 20th Sept., everything being ready, and the carriages at the door, several students assembled to bid him again farewell, and gathered round him

with affectionate greetings, when, weak and tottering, but smiling and cheerful, he descended from his room. All the servants of the hotel, as well as the kind landlady, were also there—not from any selfish motives, but with such signs of grief on their countenances, as betokened singular interest in the sufferer. Henry, the boy who had attended him, was in floods of tears; and even Rieka, the poor woman whose only work was the lowest drudgery about the house, and who used to feed his stove with fuel, was present, and while humbly keeping in the background, covered her face with her apron as she sobbed aloud: for, during his sojourn in the hotel, he had been kind and considerate to them all; giving lessons in English to one; a Bible to another; and on every fitting occasion speaking lovingly to them, as a brother, of the good which was for them in Christ Jesus. And so, when he noticed each at parting, and the carriage drove off, they felt that a friend had left them, and they truly sorrowed because ‘they should see his face no more.’ He bore the fatigue of the long journey with great patience; and in the evening once more crossed the bridge of Canstadt, on which he had stood in September, ‘totally uncertain,’ as he then wrote, about his future plans, but trusting God for guidance. His new lodgings pleased him much. As he paced through them, and looked from their windows to the quiet scene without, he remarked with an expression of great gratitude, ‘How sweet this place

is! how good God is!’ His bedroom was conveniently situated between mine and our common sitting apartment, having a communication with both. It was soon set in order under his own minute directions. The books were unpacked, and with desk, thermometers, watch, MS. note-books, &c., were systematically arranged upon his table—each thing in the same relative position which it occupied on his table at Tübingen, and probably when in Rome also. The routine of his daily life at Canstadt, until very shortly before it ended, was this:—He rose generally about seven o’clock; breakfasted by himself immediately after dressing; and until ten o’clock, when *our* morning meal, with family worship, was past, he was left undisturbed to his own private devotions. We then sat beside him, conversing or reading to him—perhaps the English newspapers, or from some favourite author—until half-past twelve, when he dined. After dinner he walked with me for half-an-hour or an hour. The greater part of the afternoon and evening we usually spent all together, occupied as in the morning, with conversation, reading aloud, or listening to music; while he generally sat in a large arm-chair, or on the edge of his bed, with his forehead resting on the back of a chair, and his chest wrapped in a tartan plaid. The day was always concluded by our meeting in his room for reading the Scriptures, praise and prayer. He very often selected the chapters or the psalm, and never failed to add his

heartily *amen* to my prayer, and to breathe a few words of blessing in the ears of each as we parted from him for the night."

Dr Macleod left him on the 11th of March to return to Scotland, little expecting that that was to be the day of his friend's departure on that great journey we have all to take. He thus refers to his last hours:—"He requested that the window should be opened, and tottering to it in his dressing-gown, had his chair so placed as to be able to extend his arm into the open air. It was a day of great beauty. The sun shone brightly, and with almost a summer heat; and already the sounds of spring were heard from the birds in the surrounding orchards. The same oppression returned later in the afternoon, in a still more aggravated form. Dr J., who had been sent for, made him immediately return to bed, and did everything that skill could suggest to relieve him; but was soon obliged to inform his friends apart that his end was fast approaching. He lay in silence upon his bed with his eyes shut, and in silence all stood around him. About four o'clock he opened his eyes, and motioned to his mother first to come near him and kiss him. His sister came next, and he said to her, 'Love Jesus.' And after this he bade each farewell, and to each repeated the same counsel, 'Love Jesus.' 'Any one else in the room?' he asked. Marie, the kind daughter of the landlady, approached, weeping bitterly. He thanked her for all her goodness to him

during his illness, and requested that she should send her mother and sisters up-stairs to bid him farewell. They came, and he spoke kindly to them. Having motioned to his sister to sit beside him, he drew her to him, again kissed her, and began to speak to her; but his lips were cold, and she required to put her ear almost to his mouth to hear what he said. But so calm and self-possessed was he, that he gave her directions even then as to how she might get his portmanteau, which he had forwarded to Berlin when he intended to have gone there to study; and told her where in it she should find the key of his desk at home, in which his will was deposited. He then requested to know how much she proposed to give the doctor, and mentioned a sum which he thought generous and becoming. Then, beckoning to the doctor, he thanked him for his great attention, and begged him to tell him truly how long he thought he had to live. The doctor replied, 'Perhaps not many minutes.' After a pause, he began to repeat the names of his near relatives—'Jane; Alick; Chris; James; Ned Smith; uncle; my aunts; Tom. Tell them all to seek Jesus.' Then, in the same way he enumerated his old friends—'The Professor; Madden; Burn Murdoch; John Shairp; Boyle; Dr Duncan; Charles Brown;' and others, whose names his sister could not distinctly catch. 'All my friends at Tübingen,' he added. He spoke about me also. Soon after, he said, 'Read.' Miss Hodges took up

the Bible—for she deemed the task too trying for either his mother or sister. But he had told his mother some days before, that when it came to the last she was to read to him from a little book containing texts of Scripture selected for the sick and dying, and which he was in the habit of using; and now, as if remembering this, the moment he heard the voice of Miss Hodges, he opened his eyes, and with earnestness said, ‘No. My mother! my mother!’ She was strengthened to minister this comfort also to him. The last things read to him were the first two verses of the 43d chapter of Isaiah, the hymns—‘The hour of my departure’s come;’ ‘Hark, how the adoring hosts above;’ and the 23d Psalm. When these were ended, he said to his sister, ‘Bury me beside Chalmers;’ and after a short pause, ‘Jesus! oh, Jesus!’ He then lay again in silence, with a look of deepest calm and peace; but spoke no more. Once only he opened his eyes, and gazed on all around him, as if bidding them farewell. The setting sun filled the room with a flood of light. At five o’clock, the church-bells were ringing their evening chimes; and as they rang, he left his friends on earth, and met his Saviour. They knelt around that quiet bed; and she who bore him was able to praise the Lord, who had redeemed him and taken him to himself!”

HENRY HAVELOCK.

THE sacred principles of Christianity are of universal application, adapted to every profession, and every condition of human life, and capable of accommodating themselves to the various exigencies of mankind, amidst all the difficulties of the most arduous duty or the most perilous enterprise. In every possible circumstance in which man can be placed, they are calculated to dignify and to ennoble the individual who lives and acts under their influence. This inherent quality of universal adaptation—which may justly be considered as one of the many striking evidences of the divine origin of our most holy faith—has been frequently exemplified in the history of eminent Christians belonging to the profession of arms—a profession, the engagements and temptations of which cannot be said to be peculiarly favourable to the practice of religion. The brave and heroic soldier, whose history we are now to notice, affords an admirable example of what religion can effect amidst circumstances most unfavourable to its development.

Henry Havelock was born at Bishop Wearmouth on the 5th April, 1795. His father was descended from a family who formerly resided at Grimsby, in Lincolnshire. He was engaged in

shipbuilding and commerce at Sunderland, but in 1799 settled in the County of Kent, where he purchased an estate called Ingress, near Dartford. After obtaining his earliest education at a school at Dartford, Henry Havelock was sent to the Charterhouse in 1804, where among his school companions were several boys who have since become distinguished in life. While at the Charterhouse he occupied a respectable place in his class, and although remarkably expert in all boyish amusements, he was of a thoughtful, meditative turn of mind. He had been early impressed with the truths of religion by his excellent mother, who was accustomed to assemble her children together, in her own apartment, for prayer and the study of the Scriptures. The early impressions thus made began to produce their result at the Charterhouse, where Henry Havelock and several other boys—afterwards eminent in their respective professions—were accustomed to meet together privately for the purpose of reading sermons and conversing upon the subjects they read. And that his religious impressions must have produced considerable effect in his demeanour we may readily judge from the circumstance, that he was subjected to no small amount of scorn and ridicule from his companions, who called him "Methodist," and "canting hypocrite;" taunts, however, which he bravely endured.

His relatives wished him to adopt the law as his profession; and his thoughtful, studious habits, ac-

quired and fostered at the Charterhouse, seemed to warrant their desire. He was accordingly placed as a pupil with an eminent barrister, under whose care he entered on his legal studies. Probably, however, he had no great taste for the profession, and his mother seemed to be aware of this, and to have perceived in him manifest tendencies toward the profession of arms, in the great interest he took in everything relating to military affairs. Her impression proved to be correct, although she did not live to see it verified. In 1815—five years after her death—he renounced the law for ever, and yielding, to use his own words, “to the military propensities of his race,” entered the army as an officer of the Rifle Brigade. “No very active service awaited him for some time. ‘He served,’ he writes, ‘in England, Ireland, and Scotland, in the interval between his first nomination and the year 1823, travelled in France and the north of Italy, read a good deal in a discursive way, and acquired some knowledge of his profession which was useful to him in after days.’ Again was it his lot to fall in with men of mark, whose names were to become afterwards illustrious and renowned. ‘He was subaltern in the 95th Rifle Brigade, and the present Sir Harry Smith, the victor of Aliwal, was his captain. Some time elapsed, and he was at length induced to look for an exchange. The augmentation of the 13th Light Infantry taking place, he was transposed to that regiment. He embarked for India in January

1823. It was his own choice to serve in this part of the world, and he had fitted himself for Indian service by studying Hindostanee and Persian under Dr Gilchrist, in London, before he left.' The lieutenant was now at sea, when an event occurred in relation to what he deemed 'the most important part of the history of a man's life,' which he attributed most gratefully to the providence of a gracious God. For years had he known what it was to be anxious about his soul, and also about the performance of the divine will. Life had not been given to him to be spent exactly as he pleased. The Scriptures had not been put into his possession to be set at naught or disregarded. The Son of God had not died for him in sacrifice for sin, without having the strongest claim upon him for the most grateful and responsive love. All this had been at work upon him for years, with more or less activity and power; and it was at work upon him when he set sail for India. His condition appears to have been that of feeling after God, if happily he might find him. Somewhat like his military predecessor mentioned in the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, the centurion of the Italian band at Cæsarea, Havelock was a devout man, and one that prayed to God alway; but he needed more instruction about the perfect freeness of salvation, or, at least, a clearer conception of his own welcome to the immediate participation of all that Christ had lived and died to procure. He needed, in fact,

very much what Cornelius needed : and in his sovereignty God supplied the need. The set time to favour the devout inquirer came. Thus runs his account of the blessing which was so opportunely vouchsafed :—‘A far more important event, as regarded the interests of the writer, ought to have been recorded whilst narrating the events of 1823 ; for it was while he was sailing across the wide Atlantic towards Bengal, that the Spirit of God came to him with its offers of peace and mandate of love, which, though for some time resisted, were received, and at length prevailed. There was wrought that great change in his soul which has been productive of unspeakable advantage to him in time, and he trusts has secured him happiness through eternity. The ‘General Kyd,’ in which he was embarked, conveyed to India Major Sale, destined thereafter to defend Jellalabad : but she also carried out a humble, unpretending man, James Gardner, then a lieutenant in the 13th, now a retired captain, engaged in Home Missionary objects and other works of Christian benevolence at Bath. This excellent person was most influential in leading Havelock to make public avowal, by his works of Christianity, in earnest.’ . . . In a narrative written by him of the occurrences of that time, he writes :—‘ He was in garrison with his regiment at Fort William, Calcutta, when, in April 1824, war was declared against the Burmans. He was thereupon appointed to the general staff of Sir Archibald Campbell as Deputy-

Assistant-Adjutant-General at head-quarters. He proceeded to Rangoon, and took part in the actions near it. Thousands there fell victims to the climate, and his health having been for the first time broken in upon by an attack of liver complaint, he was compelled to return, first to Calcutta, and then to Bombay and the Deccan.' The change of air and the relaxation had a most favourable effect in the restoration of his health. 'He sailed back by Madras to Rangoon, found the army at Prome, and fought with it at Napadee, Patanago, and Pagham-Myo. On the conclusion of the peace at Yandabo, he was associated with Lieutenant-Colonel, then Captain Lumsden, of the Bengal Artillery, and with Dr Knox, of the Madras Army, in a mission to the Burman capital at Ava, and they had audience of the monarch.' "

The following interesting circumstances are related of this Christian soldier, which are highly characteristic of the earnestness and sincerity of his religious professions:—"During his sojourn in Rangoon, Havelock kept up his practice of assembling his men for religious worship and instruction. He was also busily occupied in holding back the soldiers from the excesses to which, in a captured city like Rangoon, there were so many strong inducements. Abstemious himself, if not altogether an abstainer from alcoholic beverages, he went about imploring the men to keep clear of intemperance. 'There is no such soldier in the world,' he used to

say, 'as the English soldier, if he can be kept from drink.' And, believing that the strength of Christian principle was the only effectual safeguard against the evil, he laboured to bring it into existence and operation. He would warn and encourage, as best he could, leaving it with God to give the blessing. There is in Rangoon a famous heathen temple devoted to the service of Boodh, which is known as The magnificent Shivey Dagoon pagoda. It is deemed the glory of the city. Of a chamber in this building Havelock obtained possession for his own purposes. All around the chamber were smaller images of Boodh, in the usual position, sitting with their legs gathered up and crossed, and the hands resting on the lap, in symbol and expression of repose. No great changes were necessary to prepare the place for Christian service. It needed no ceremonial exorcising to make it fit either for psalmody or prayer. Abominable idolatries had been witnessed there beyond all doubt, but no sacerdotal purifications were requisite ere adoration of the true God could be offered, and service well-pleasing to him, through Jesus Christ. Havelock remembered well that 'neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem' were men to worship the Father now. To the true worshippers any place might become a place for worship. Even the pagoda of Shivey Dagoon might be none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven. Accordingly it was announced that that would be the place

of meeting. An officer relates that, as he was wandering round about the pagoda on one occasion, he heard the sound, strange enough as he thought, of singing. He listened, and found that it was certainly psalm singing. He determined to follow the sound to its source, and started for the purpose. At length he reached the chamber, and what should meet his eye but Havelock, with his Bible and hymn-book before him, and more than a hundred men seated around him giving earnest heed to his proclamation to them of the glad tidings of great joy. How had they got their light by which to read, for the place was in dark shade? They had obtained lamps for the purpose, and putting them in order, had lit them and placed them one by one in an idol's lap. There they were, those dumb but significant lamp-bearers, in constant use; and they were there, we may be well assured, to suggest stirring thoughts to the lieutenant and his men. How well the 115th Psalm would be understood there! How impressively some parts of the 1st chapter of the Romans would be explained! How earnestly the prayer would be offered that the Burmese might be induced, through the power of the Holy Ghost, to cast these and all other idols to the moles and to the bats! How gratefully would thanksgiving be offered that He who is our God is the God of salvation, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

From the period of his arrival in India to his re-

turn to Britain, in consequence of ill health, Havelock saw an extraordinary amount of active service, throughout which he displayed on all occasions the highest military skill, consistently maintaining at the same time that devout and religious spirit for which he was so remarkable. It was, however, only after serving twenty-three years as a subaltern that he obtained his captaincy. This promotion was followed by other steps. He gained the rank of Major and the Cross of Companion of the Bath in 1843; in the following year he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet; in 1855 he became Adjutant-General to the Forces; and was Brigadier-General in 1857.

The name of General Havelock is imperishably associated with the exploits of the British forces during the rebellion in India. In the numerous battles in which his troops were engaged prior to the capture of Cawnpore and the relief of Lucknow, he displayed an amount of military skill and personal heroism which places him on a level with the most illustrious generals either of ancient or modern times; but for the many striking incidents which occurred, and in which this distinguished hero took an active part, we must refer our readers to those works which give in detail the history of the frightful occurrences which marked the progress of the rebellion.

After removing from Lucknow with the garrison which he had been instrumental in delivering from

the imminent peril in which they were placed, General Havelock felt seriously indisposed. It is not improbable that he may have been ill during the tremendous conflict, or rather series of conflicts with the enemy, which preceded his entrance into the besieged Residency, and that the excitement kept him from feeling himself ill, in the same manner as a soldier wounded amidst the wild tumult of the fight scarcely feels the hurt. Beyond doubt, too, the fatigue and the privation, and the mental pressure he had endured, could hardly fail to injure one whose general health a long residence in a hot climate had deteriorated. The symptoms which appeared were those of indigestion and dysentery, and for a short time, under careful medical treatment, there seemed to be some degree of improvement. In a letter, dated November the 19th, which he wrote to his family whom he had left at Bonn, he refers to his elevation to the Commandership of the Bath, to the wound his son had received, and other matters of interest. This was his last letter. In order to his improvement, he was removed for change of air from Alum Bagh to Sir Colin Campbell's camp at the Dilkoosha. This change was productive of much comfort, and even of improvement, in the symptoms of his complaint. But the improvement was not permanent, and the disease soon assumed a malignant form, the result of which in his reduced condition could no longer be doubtful.

The divine principles which had been his guide through life did not prove unavailing now in the hour of his extremity. It had been his continual effort to discharge the duties of his station from the highest of all motives—the constraining influence of the love of God; and the same principles which enabled him to give obedience to the demands of duty also effectually aided him to submit to the divine will by suffering patiently. “The 23d passed,” to quote from a biographical sketch of his life, “in the calmest submission to the Lord’s will. Every faculty was active, and every sensibility of his nature in fullest power. No mere indifference was upon him. It was not because he did not choose to realise his position that he contrived to be at peace. He knew that he was about to make the great transition from the life that now is to that which is to come. He remembered his unworthiness of all God’s favours. He was actually conscious, as he was lying there in his prostration, of his personal desert of banishment from God. But then he was in Christ; and, being there, it was impossible he should perish. He must needs have everlasting life. His illustrious companion, Sir James Outram, having called, he thought it right to say to him what was then upon his mind. ‘For more than forty years,’ was his remark to Sir James,—‘for more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear.’ Often had they faced it together, even during that recent memorable ad-

vance for the relief of Lucknow. There, however, God had averted it; but here it was present in all its power, and must be met. 'So be it,' was the unperturbed response of Outram's comrade; 'I am not in the least afraid. To die is gain.' 'I die happy and contented,' he kept on saying, knowing whom he had believed, and persuaded that he was able to keep what he had committed to him until that day. On the 24th his end was obviously near at hand. His eldest son was still his loving and faithful nurse, himself, it should be remembered, a wounded man, and specially needing kindly care. Waiting on his father with unflagging and womanly assiduity, he was summoned to hearken to some parting words. 'Come,' said the disciple thus faithful unto death; 'come, my son, and see how a Christian can die.' On the 25th a grave was prepared for his remains in the Alum Bagh, and Sir Colin Campbell, with his sorrowing comrades, who had followed him through so many vicissitudes, buried him out of sight, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection unto eternal life."

HEDLEY VICARS.

THE amiable young soldier, to whose short and simple history we are now to turn, was the son of an officer in the Royal Engineers, and was born at Mauritius in December 1826. The history of his early days exhibits nothing very remarkable. He was open-hearted and generous, and although possessed of much sweetness of disposition, yet somewhat playful and wayward, not more so, however, than boys usually are, who, without any special love of mischief, are in good health, and consequently in high spirits. But the amiability and gentleness of his disposition, and the natural strength and vigour of his moral sentiments, as exemplified in the warmth of his affections, as a son, a brother, and a friend, all point him out as one in whose heart the seed of divine truth would find an appropriate soil in which to spring up and bear fruit.

Having obtained a commission in the army, Mr Vicars commenced his military career in the spring of 1844, by joining the depot of the 97th Foot, in the Isle of Wight, and in the autumn of the same year proceeding with his regiment to Corfu. From Europe the corps was ordered to Jamaica in 1848. The correspondence he kept up during this period with his mother and sisters is highly interesting,

and evinces a most amiable and affectionate spirit. It appears that he had incurred some debt before proceeding to the West Indies, and although the amount was not great, he fancied that the anxiety caused by the circumstance affected his mother's health, and he thus writes, expressing his sincere regret and penitence:—"I see it all now. It is I that have caused your illness, my darling mother. Ever since the receipt of your last letter I have been in a dreadful state of mind. I feel that I deserve God's severest punishment for my undutiful conduct towards the fondest of mothers, but the excruciating thought had never before occurred to me, that He might think fit to remove her from me. Oh, what agony I have endured! what sleepless nights I have passed, since the perusal of that letter! The review of my past life, especially the retrospect of the last two years, has at last quite startled me, and at the same time disgusted me. You will now see the surest sign of repentance in my future conduct; and believe me, that never, as far as in me lies, shall another moment's anxiety be caused you by your dutiful and now repentant son."

At this period of his history it does not appear that any very serious impressions as to divine things had been made upon his mind; but of this there can be no doubt, that the deep and bitter regret he felt for having caused his mother pain and anxiety, was a sentiment intimately allied to that "repentance unto life" by which an awakened

sinner mourns his transgressions before God, seeks to be forgiven, and forms resolutions of future amendment.

The letter from which the foregoing extract is made was written in 1848. The spirit which it breathes still continued to animate him, and in his correspondence during the two following years we may trace the gradual strengthening of his religious sentiments. In an affectionate letter to his mother, written in 1849, the following passage indicates this:—"I must now tell you of the death of a brother officer, Lieutenant Bindon. He died on the 13th of May, at about five o'clock in the morning. Poor fellow, his was a short but painful illness. I remember when I went into his room the sun was shining brightly through the windows, the birds were singing cheerily, and the merry laugh of the light-hearted soldiers (plainly audible from their barracks) grated harshly on my ear. He was dead! Looking at his meek and placid face, calm and unruffled, I could hardly believe that I was not gazing on the living man. But, alas! his soul had fled. He was a robust and stalwart-looking man, about twenty-four years of age. With God's help I trust I have learned a lesson and a warning from his sudden death. He was buried the same evening in the small graveyard at the foot of the hill as you enter the cantonment. I, as senior subaltern, had command of the firing party. When we arrived, the twilight was fast verging into darkness,

and the funeral service was read by the light of a candle. This is soon over, and then all retire from the grave except myself and armed party of forty men. We then gave three volleys—the rolling echoes are still reverberating when the earth is thrown in—and all is over. Such has been the melancholy end of my poor friend and messmate. I was deeply affected, and could not restrain my tears all the time. I felt my voice choked when I gave the command, ‘Fire three volleys in the air.’ ”

In another letter the following year he again indicates the seriousness and solemnity of those devout sentiments which had been so distinctly awakened:—“A poor gunner of the Royal Artillery died last night. His remains are to be buried to-day. While I write, I hear the Dead March, and now the funeral party are winding their way to the graveyard, the muffled drum and shrill fife calling forth the soldiers from their barracks to see their lately gay and laughing comrade borne to his last resting-place. Who amongst them can tell which shall be next? Little they care, poor fellows. The sound of their merry laughter will soon be heard again, as unsubdued as ever. I hope, my dear mother, that these warnings will have a salutary effect upon me. Those have lately been carried off whom I knew, and who (like myself) thought little of death, until he knocked at their own door, and beckoned them to come away—*where?* ”

It was not long before this dawn of the divine light—this “day-spring from on high”—was succeeded by the “perfect day,” and the “Sun of Righteousness” arose in full splendour upon his soul. The work of divine grace had been making sure but gradual progress, although the subject of it himself was scarcely conscious of its influence, when suddenly he received a new impulse, which gave a decided form to his hitherto comparatively imperfect religious impressions. “It was in the month of November 1851,” says his biographer, “that, whilst awaiting the return of a brother officer to his room, he idly turned over the leaves of a Bible which lay on the table. The words caught his eye, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.’ Closing the book, he said, ‘If this be true for me, henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man should live who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ.’ That night he scarcely slept, pondering in his heart whether it were presumptuous or not to claim an interest in those words. During those wakeful hours, he was watched, we cannot doubt, with deep and loving interest, by One who *never* slumbereth nor sleepeth; and it was said of him in heaven, ‘Behold, he prayeth!’ In answer to those prayers, he was enabled to believe, as he rose in the morning, that the message of peace *was* ‘true for him,’—‘a faithful saying, and worthy of *all* acceptance.’ ‘The past,’ he said, ‘then is blotted out. What I have to do is to

go forward. I cannot return to the sins from which my Saviour has cleansed me with his own blood.' An impetus was now given in a new direction, of sufficient force to last till the race was run—until he could say with the Apostle Paul, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' Thenceforth *he lived*. And the life he now lived in the flesh, he lived by the faith of the Son of God, of whom he delighted to say, with realising faith and adoring gratitude, 'He loved me and gave himself for me.' On the morning which succeeded that memorable night, he bought a large Bible, and placed it open on the table in his sitting-room, determined that 'an open Bible,' for the future, should be 'his colours.' 'It was to speak for me,' he said, 'before I was strong enough to speak for myself.' His friends came as usual to his rooms, and did not altogether fancy the new colours. One remarked, that he had 'turned Methodist,' and, with a shrug, retreated. Another ventured on the bolder measure of warning him not to become a hypocrite: 'Bad as you were, I never thought you would come to this, old fellow.' So, for the most part, for a time, his quarters were deserted by his late companions. During six or seven months he had to encounter no slight opposition at mess, 'and had hard work,' as he said, 'to stand his ground.' But the promise did not fail, 'The righteous shall hold on his way, and *he that hath clean hands* shall wax stronger and stronger.' All this time he found great comfort in

the society of a few brother officers who were walking with God, but especially in the faithful preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ by Dr Twining, Garrison Chaplain at Halifax, and in the personal friendship of that man of God, which he enjoyed uninterruptedly from that time until the day of his death. Under so deep an obligation did he consider himself to Dr Twining, that he frequently referred to him as his spiritual father; and, to his scriptural preaching and teaching, and blessed example of 'walking with God,' may doubtless be traced, under the mighty working of the Holy Spirit, those clear and happy views of religion, and that consistency and holiness of life, which succeeded his conversion."

The following letter to his sister, written in April 1852, clearly evinces the reality and completeness of the spiritual change which had now taken place:—"My darling Mary,—I am going on much in the same manner as usual, with nothing to disturb the even tenor of my way. But no; I must correct myself here, for I trust that I have really turned over a new leaf, and that my heart is gradually but surely undergoing a purifying process. I have been fighting hard against sin. I mean, not only what the world understands by that term, but against the power of it in my heart: the conflict has been severe: it is so still; but I trust, by the help of God, that I shall finally obtain the mastery. What I pray for most constantly is, that I may be en-

abled to see more clearly the wicked state of my heart by nature, and thus to feel my greater need of an Almighty Saviour. You cannot imagine what doubts and torments assail my mind at times—how torn and harassed I am by sinful thoughts and want of faith. You, Mary, can never experience my feelings, for you know not in what a sinful state my life has been passed. Well may I call myself ‘the chief of sinners!’ I sometimes even add to my sins, by doubting the efficacy of Christ’s atonement, and the cleansing power of his precious blood to wash away my sins. Oh, that I could realise to myself more fully that his blood ‘cleanseth us from all sin.’ I was always foremost and daring enough in sin. Would that I could show the same spirit in the cause of religion; would that I felt as little fear of being called and thought to be a Christian, as I used to feel of being enlisted against Christianity!

‘Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb:
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?’

I trust I am beginning to see and feel the folly and vanity of the world and all its pleasures, and that I have at length entered the strait gate, and am travelling the narrow road that leadeth unto eternal life. I trust you will not consider me a confirmed egotist, for writing so much of myself. I have done so, because I thought you would like to hear how changed I am become. I trust, dearest, that

your heart has been changed, long before mine was touched. Let us both remember that we can do no good thing of ourselves, for it is the Lord alone who worketh in us both to will and do of his good pleasure. Let us not trust in our own righteousness, which is but as 'filthy rags,' but let us trust entirely in the merits and blood of our blessed Saviour. I never can sufficiently show my gratitude to God, who has shown such long-suffering forbearance towards me—who has spared me through so many scenes of sin and folly. Summer has begun to change the face of nature, and everything is looking green and lovely. I took a delightful walk into the country yesterday evening—the first time I ever enjoyed the blessed sense of communion with God. But when I came home it had all fled, and left me in a disturbed and restless state of mind; my summer heart of warmth and love had changed back into its natural state of winter—cold and dead! I am sorry to say that poor Lieutenant J—— is in a very precarious state; even if he recovers, he will never have the use of his leg. I go sometimes to sit with him, and endeavour to bring to his mind the things which belong to his everlasting peace. He said to me one day, 'Vicars, tell me, do you *really* feel happier *now* than you did!' Poor fellow, he is in a very desponding state of mind. I generally spend four or five hours each day, when not on duty, in reading the Bible, and meditation and prayer, and take a walk every afternoon for a

couple of hours. I am longing to see you all again, but I do not know when I shall be able. Write soon, and tell me how you all are getting on, especially how my darling mother is. Is she looking ill? Does she get out every day? Do not you think that the summer will make her better? Give my fond love to her. I will write to her by the next mail, please God. Pray for me, and believe me, I never forget to pray for you all. How little we do to show our love for that Saviour who agonised on the cross for our sakes! I cannot close my letter better than by beseeching him to give us his Holy Spirit, to draw our hearts above this world, to look to the Saviour with the eye of faith."

The following is an extract from his diary. It exhibits an accurate view of the ground of his faith and hope. It is deeply interesting to observe how thoroughly he had realised the great doctrine of the atonement:—"I have got over some rough ground since I was first led to seek after happiness, where alone it can be found—in the religion of Jesus. I have had to battle much against the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil; but, though often on the point of giving up the struggle in despair, the goodness, the long-suffering, the wondrous loving-kindness of my God have guarded and watched over me, and kept me from falling utterly away from him. Oh, what cause have I to give him most humble and hearty thanks for all his goodness towards me! When I look back on my

past life, nearly six-and-twenty years, I see nothing but an accumulation of transgression and sin. Oh, my soul, let me remember with disgust and horror that for nearly five-and-twenty years I was a willing servant of Satan. What aggravates my wickedness is, that it has been all committed in spite of the advice and warnings of a truly Christian mother, and how often I have silenced the voice of conscience. But why dwell any more on a life which has been wasted? Why bring up the remembrance of sins, each one of which would have murdered my soul, had I died in the act of commission? I do it that they may humble and prostrate me in the dust before that holy God who has said, 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' I acknowledge, O my God, that hell is only my desert—that were I ever consigned to its abode, it would be but a just recompense for my transgressions. Let me ever keep in mind, that, if I am saved, it must be entirely and solely through divine mercy in Christ Jesus. Were I to be judged according to my works, I should be justly condemned. But thanks be to God for the gift of his precious Word, which reveals his wondrous love in sending his only begotten Son into the world to die for sinners. There I read that Jesus Christ was crucified for me; that he bore in his own body all my sins; that his blood cleanseth from all sin; that he has paid the penalty due to sin; that he has satisfied God's intense hatred towards sin. Had my salvation de-

pended upon keeping the law, I should be without hope, for I have broken it thousands of times. But through this man, the Lord Jesus, is preached the forgiveness of sins, and they that believe are justified from *all things*. Oh, then, let me close with God's free offer of salvation to all, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Let me look to Christ as my righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Let me lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset me, and let me run with patience the race set before me, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of my faith, working out my own salvation with fear and trembling, remembering that it is God that worketh in me to will and to do of his good pleasure. I would from this day give up the remainder of my life to the service of God. I will keep on this diary, that I may be able to trace the progress I make in the Christian life, and I will faithfully put down everything. I will draw up some rules, to enable me the better to devote some portion of each day to God's service. By these I will be guided while I remain in Halifax."

Mr Vicars returned to England with his regiment in May 1853, and in the following year accompanied it to Greece, and thence to the Crimea. His conduct on his return home evinced in a striking manner the simplicity and sincerity of his faith. No true disciple of the Redeemer can fail to desire and labour to advance his Master's cause. The

gratitude he feels for the mercy shown to himself, impels him to endeavour to bring others to the knowledge of the truth. He exemplifies the apostle's words: "If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." These principles Mr Vicars' conduct strikingly illustrated. The delight he had in holding communion with those of a like devout spirit; his earnest addresses to the soldiers on various occasions; his fervent prayers with them; his efforts to promote vital religion in the army; the tender and affectionate spirit he manifested to the poor, the sick, the dying,—all united to prove the completeness of the change he had undergone, and how truly he had been "born again." While in Greece, before proceeding to the seat of war, his regiment suffered much from fever and cholera. During the whole of these dreadful visitations—far more trying and severe than the field of battle—Mr Vicars was a constant visitor at the hospitals, exposing himself fearlessly to the contagion, and at the bedside of the sick and dying administering the comfort he himself so eminently enjoyed.

On joining the army before Sebastopol other duties awaited him, but, amidst all the danger and suffering to which he was exposed, the fountain from which he drew his consolation was never unvisited, and there never was a better proof than that which he afforded, of the perfect compatibility of the sincerest piety towards God, and the tenderest charity towards man, with the utmost personal he-

roism, and the most unflinching courage. A few extracts from his letters, written from the camp before Sebastopol, will afford evidence of this; they are addressed to his mother or his sisters:—"We had delightful weather while sailing up the Bosphorus; the scenery was charming, but the large white hospital at Scutari gave me rather a sickening feeling at my heart. In the Black Sea we encountered very stormy weather, but came all safe in sight of the Crimea on the afternoon of the 19th, and the same night anchored in a small bay. The sea was covered with floating pieces of wrecked vessels, many ships having been lost off the coast but a few days before; and some of our fellows saw dead bodies floating about. The harbour of Balaklava is very small, and the entrance narrow. Here about a hundred sail were anchored side by side, all of them more or less damaged, some entirely dismasted. We did not go on shore till the evening of the 20th. The rain poured in torrents all day. We landed in boats, and were well drenched before we reached the encamping ground, and looked more like drowned rats than live soldiers. It was dark before the tents were pitched. Parties were at once sent out to collect firewood, the wrecked vessels furnishing us with ample materials. Soon, camp-fires were blazing in all directions, and officers and men gathered round them to dry their clothes and warm themselves, for the nights here are bitterly cold. I can assure you

I enjoyed some cheese and biscuit not a little. But before I looked after myself I saw my company as snug and comfortable as 'adverse circumstances would admit of,' and afterwards made them a little speech around the bivouac fire, combining, as well as I could, some religious advice with a few words about our duties as British soldiers, and ended by saying, 'Lads, while I have life I will stick to the colours, and I know you will never desert me.' (My position in line is next to the officer who bears the regimental colours.) The poor fellows cheered me long and loud. I have had very little trouble with them—less so by far than others complain of. Indeed (though I say it, that should not), I know they like me, and would do anything for me; and all officers who treat soldiers like men with the same feelings as their own, and take an interest in their welfare, find they do not see much insubordination, nor want many courts-martial. Yet I am very strict with my men, but they soon get accustomed to this. About ten o'clock I read by the light of my first bivouac fire Psalms xxiii., xc., and xci., with Captain Ingram, and derived great comfort and peace from them.—Dec. 1.—I have just returned from another night in the trenches. The rain is descending in torrents. Last night, whilst standing opposite an embrasure, serving out to my men their allowance of grog, a shell whizzed over my head within a foot. The men made a most humble salaam, but I soon got them on their legs

again, by threatening to withhold the spirits. The enemy gave us a few more shots, one of which hit the ground so near as to send the gravel into my face. The accounts of the Russians killing our wounded officers and men are too true—confirmed by all here. Poor Sir Robert Newman was left wounded on the ground during the temporary retreat of his regiment, the Grenadier Guards; when they returned, he was found stabbed through the head and body in several places. I saw the rude tablet erected over his grave at Balaklava. These words are engraved on it—‘And I say unto you, my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear Him which after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear Him.’ (Luke xii. 4, 5.) We all hope soon to have an opportunity of thrashing these savages, and have not a doubt we shall do so when we come across them.

—Dec. 15.—On picquet the other night I was looking up at the bright moon and stars, thinking of the power and love of Him who made them, and of the star in the east which ‘came and stood where the young child lay,’ and the Saviour’s sorrows and sufferings from Bethlehem to Calvary passed in review before my mind. . . . This afternoon, whilst speaking to our poor fellows in the cholera hospital, who were lying cold and comfortless on the bare ground, rays of sunshine seemed to illu-

mine that charnel tent as I brought the crucified Saviour before those men, for tears glistened in many an eye, and the smile of hope and peace was on many a lip. I feel it to be indeed a pleasure and a privilege to talk to my sick comrades and fellow-sinners of Jesus; and I am sure that they who never visit the suffering and dying deprive themselves of the deepest happiness this life affords. It is painful, often *heartrending*, to witness agony we cannot alleviate; to see the distorted face and hear the cry of anguish of friends and comrades. But it is sweet to be the bearer to them of glad tidings of joy and peace through the great Redeemer's atonement and love; and to see some of them gently falling asleep murmuring the life-restoring name of Jesus. *I have seen these, and I cannot find words to tell the delight of hope which has then filled my breast.*' . . . On March 22, 1855, soon after ten o'clock at night, a loud firing commenced, and was sustained in the direction of the Victoria Redoubt, opposite the Malakhoff Tower. Taking advantage of the darkness of the night, a Russian force of 15,000 men issued from Sebastopol. Preserving a sullen silence, they approached from the Mamelon under cover of the fire of their ambuscades, and effected an entrance into the French advanced parallel, before any alarm could be given by the sentries. After a short but desperate struggle, the French were obliged to fall back on their reserves. The columns of the enemy then marched along the

parallel, and came up the ravine on the right of the British lines, for the purpose of taking them in flank and rear. On their approach being observed, they were supposed to be the French, as the ravines separated the allied armies. Hedley Vicars was the first to discover that they were Russians. With a coolness of judgment which seems to have called forth admiration from all quarters, he ordered his men to lie down until the Russians came within twenty paces. Then, with his first war-shout, 'Now 97th, on your pins, and charge!' himself foremost in the conflict, he led on his gallant men to victory, charging two thousand with a force of barely two hundred. A bayonet wound in the breast only fired his courage the more; and again his voice rose high, 'Men of the 97th, follow me!' as he leaped that parapet he had so well defended, and charged the enemy down the ravine. One moment a struggling moonbeam fell upon his flashing sword, as he waved it through the air, with his last cheer for his men—'This way, 97th!' The next, the strong arm which had been uplifted hung powerless by his side, and he fell amidst his enemies. But friends followed fast. His men fought their way through the ranks of the Russians, to defend the parting life of the leader they loved. Noble, brave men! to whom all who loved Hedley Vicars owe an unforgotten debt of gratitude and honour. In their arms they bore him back, amidst shouts of victory, so dearly bought. An officer of

the Royal Engineers stopped them on their way, to ask whom they carried. The name brought back to him the days of his boyhood. The early playmate, since unseen, who now lay dying before him, was one whose father's deathbed had been attended and comforted by his own father as minister and friend. Captain Browne found a stretcher, and placing his friend upon it, cooled his fevered lips with a draught of water. That 'cup of cold water shall in no wise lose its reward.' To each inquiry Hedley Vicars answered cheerfully that he believed his wound was slight. But a main artery had been severed, and the life-blood flowed fast. A few paces onward, and he faintly said, 'Cover my face; cover my face!' What need for covering, under the shadow of that dark night? Was it not a sudden consciousness that he was entering into the presence of the Holy God, before whom the cherubims veiled their faces? As the soldiers laid him down at the door of his tent, a welcome from the armies of the sky sounded in his hearing. He had fallen asleep in Jesus, to awake up after his likeness, and be satisfied with it."

JAMES WILSON.

THE excellent person to whose history we now refer, was the brother of the celebrated John Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and for many years Editor of "Blackwood's Magazine." He was born in Paisley, in 1795; and on the death of his father, who was a banker and manufacturer in his native town, his mother removed to Edinburgh, where James Wilson, after passing through the usual course of study at the University, entered on the profession of law, as a Writer to His Majesty's Signet, a title equivalent to that of an Attorney-at-law in England. Want of vigorous health for some years rendered impossible the very laborious duties of his profession, and he devoted himself to the study of Natural History, for which his turn of mind, and his powers of accurate and minute observation, peculiarly fitted him, and for the pursuit of which he had evinced from his boyhood a remarkable predilection. The celebrated Jamieson, Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, admitted him a member of the Wernerian Society in 1812, when he was only in his seventeenth year; a striking evidence of the impression which he had made, even at that early period of life, as an ardent

admirer and zealous cultivator of his favourite science. From 1816 to 1821, Mr Wilson, in consequence of the state of his health, spent a considerable portion of his time on the Continent, and visited Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Italy, and France, occupying himself, as opportunities served, in pursuing his favourite studies. Some passages in his account of this tour are highly interesting, and exhibit very considerable powers of description. Referring to his visit to Delft, he thus writes:—

“ One of the most interesting and picturesque features which I have yet witnessed in the scenery of Holland is the appearance of the storks on the chimney-tops, preening their feathers, and feeding their callow young. The snowy whiteness of their plumage, and their elegant and stately forms, have a fine effect amidst the confusion of a populous and bustling city. This bird, like the ibis among the ancient Egyptians, is considered sacred by the Hollanders. It is never killed or disturbed, however familiar or troublesome it may prove, and that dwelling is considered as fortunate on which it chooses to take up its abode. The young are, however, sometimes captured and sold to slavery, which seems in some degree inconsistent with the veneration which is paid to the personal dignity of the parent bird. I am told that they observe an astonishing regularity in their migrations to and from the country. They usually make their appearance in spring, towards the end of March, and depart in

the autumn, about the beginning of September. They are said to winter in Egypt and the north of Africa. Yesterday evening, which was beautifully calm and serene, when the sun had sunk, and dim twilight overspread the land, I found myself alone in a churchyard: not a voice was audible to disturb the utter solitude and silence with which I was surrounded. A soft and winnowing sound in the air suddenly attracted my attention, and immediately a beautiful pair of storks alighted in the churchyard, within a few paces of the place where I then stood. It was a mild and dewy night, and they were no doubt attracted there by the expectation of a plentiful supper on the slugs and insects which might have left their hiding-places. My unexpected presence, however, seemed to disturb them; for, in a few seconds, they mounted to the steeple of the church, where they sat, uttering their wild and singularly plaintive cries, which added greatly to those impressions of loneliness and seclusion which the situation tended naturally to inspire. Besides the usual note, I observed these birds make a singular noise, apparently by striking the two mandibles of the bill forcibly against each other. This, too, in the silence of a summer night, during which it is usually made, and when heard from the top of some lofty cathedral—a name which most of the churches in Holland deserve to bear—produces a fine effect; and is, indeed, in my mind, already intimately connected with those undefinable sensa-

tions, the remnants as it were of the superstitions of our infancy, which, I believe, most men experience while wandering alone and in darkness, among those venerable piles which have been for so many ages consecrated to the purposes of religion. But I must for the present bid adieu to those 'dwellers in the temple,' though what I have said is due to their memory, from the pleasure which they afforded me during one beautiful evening of summer."

Speaking of the view from the tower of the principal church, he says:—"From this elevated situation I had a fine view of my old friends the storks, all busily employed in feeding their young. I could even keep them in sight during their excursions to the neighbouring canals, in search of food for their unfledged offspring. The impatience of the callow nestlings, on perceiving the approach of the assiduous parent, was extreme. They stretched their long necks over the nests from the chimney-tops, the sooner to enjoy the wished-for morsel, and appeared every moment as if about to precipitate themselves into the streets below. *En passant*, I may remark, that when in Rotterdam I questioned a Dutchman concerning the probable origin of the respect and protection which is afforded to this bird; he answered, as I expected, that it was on account of their clearing the canals of frogs and other amphibious gentry with which they abound. I had not, however, proceeded ten yards after Mynheer had left me, when I observed an old woman sitting under

a tree, with a most excellent supply of frogs in a basket, ready for sale ; and in fact, before I left her, a girl came up, ' nothing loth,' and made a purchase. If, therefore, frogs are in request as an article of food, as it is known they have been for centuries, no thanks are due to the storks for their efforts in diminishing their number, and as, in as far as I have heard or read, there are no noxious or poisonous animals in the country, it is probable that the popular superstition in favour of these birds must have originated in some other cause. Besides, it is generally admitted that still waters stagnate sooner when deprived of animal life than when teeming with aquatic myriads, so that their claims to protection as purifiers of the water, are at best of a dubious nature. They may, however, act as a check to the superabundant production of such creatures during the heats of summer, the increase of which is no doubt favoured by the natural moisture of the soil and climate."

The following is a fine description of a view on the Rhine:—" At six in the evening I found myself standing by the side of the monarch of European rivers, and a most magnificent object it is. Here it is not less than six hundred feet broad, and runs apparently at the rate of nearly seven miles an hour. Immediately opposite the German fortress its waters are confined within two hundred feet of their natural bed, and the impetuous flow is prodigious ; it rages past the dark rock which here

endeavours to oppose its course, and appears as if rejoiced in avenging this violation of its power on the low willowy isles which are scattered on its bosom. The trees on these islands have suffered from its force, and bend before it, their summits being only a few feet from the ground, and pointing down the stream. Even those on the banks have the same oppressed appearance, having probably felt the power of the green despot during the raging of the winter flood. This gives a singular character to many parts of the scenery, and impresses one more forcibly than any other circumstance could do with an idea of the strength and rapidity of the river, besides bestowing upon it the aspect of an almost living power. The sun was now sinking behind the purple summits of the mountains of Lorraine, the outline of which was bordered by a brilliant line of golden light, and many lovely clouds, adorned with the brightest hues, were resting in the western sky. The Rhine appeared in the distance, sweeping down the valley, and reflecting on its waters the last beams of the god of day, while, on the opposite side, was heard the voice of the sentinel, and the war-like flourish of the trumpet, warning the peaceful labourers in the fields that the gates of the fortress were about to be closed. In the back-ground the high hills of Suabia were visible, embrowned with the remnants of the ancient forest, and their broad expanse rendered more magnificent as seen through the medium of the

sultry twilight. Ere long the clouds of night descended on the valley; the course of the river was now only discernible by a vast serpentine wreath of mist which gathered on its waters, though its strong and sonorous flow was distinctly audible, 'piercing the night's dull ear,' and the wild note of the bittern was heard while she ascended from her lonely nest in some willowy isle to the still region above the clouds. Without other sight or sound I stood alone in this majestic wilderness. I soon found, however, that I had unfortunately wandered so long and so far among the low brushwood near the river, that I had entirely lost all trace of anything resembling the footsteps of the human race. If I turned towards the land I might walk into one of those deep pools filled with water to defend the frontier—if I bent my course in the other direction, one step into the Rhine would be my first and last, and I might find myself off the Dogger-bank by the morning of the ensuing day. What was to be done? I was about to ruminate seriously on this important subject, when I heard the vociferous shout of a ferryman within a few yards of my forlorn post. I accosted him in good Scotch and bad French, supposing if he were a German he would probably understand the one, if a Frenchman, possibly the other. He seemed to comprehend both, and, with his assistance and direction, I succeeded in returning to the town which I had left a few hours before, my head-quarters for the night."

Among the incidents of his subsequent voyage to Italy he mentions the following:—"Since we entered the Straits (of Gibraltar) we have found the climate quite another thing. When the wind does blow, it comes upon us as if from a sea of warm milk—how different from the easterly gales of Caledonia! The heat is now, indeed, rather too great for anything like comfort in the cabin; but then we have got a spare sail rigged up upon four poles over the quarter-deck, so that we may enjoy the sea breezes under a delightful awning from morn to night. This evening several porpoises rushed past us at a gallop, and most opportunely raised a flock of flying-fish within a few yards of the vessel. They fly in a straightforward arrowy fashion, somewhat in the style of the kingfisher, and their sides glitter like fine silver. I took them at first for a flock of sandpipers flying towards the shore. There have been many of Mother Carey's chickens in the wake of the vessel all day. Took a shot at one, and brought him down—the first I have handled in a recent state. I observed that the eye is furnished with a nictitating membrane, like an owl's, which I don't remember to have seen in the description of the bird. These petrels kept flying astern of the vessel till it was too dark to see; but how they spend the night I can't say. It cannot be on shore, for we were twenty or thirty miles from land. They seemed never to rest on the water, unless when they discovered the crumbs of cheese and biscuit, or pieces

of bacon, which we threw for them overboard, and then they settled on the water to enjoy their prize at leisure. They frequently just touched the water like a swallow, which they greatly resemble, with their wings hovering in the air and bent back; and they then appeared as if picking up their food from the surface. Saw four pilot-fish under the bows. They are very beautiful creatures, coloured with alternate bands of transparent bluish green and rich crimson brown, varying in the sun to beryl-green and blood-red. Saw a pale ghost-like fish glide past like a shadow, at a great depth under water. Signor Shark showed himself to-day for a moment or two, far beneath the surface; so did not think it prudent to trust myself to the bosom of the deep. Towards evening a vast flock of flying-fish rose at a distance of some hundred yards to windward of the vessel. They were immediately pursued with hue and cry by the whole posse of gulls, and these no sooner drove them into the water than they were attacked by the bonitos, who drove them back into the air, leaping after them to the height of several feet. Thus persecuted above, and finding no rest below, they seemed to attempt a middle course, and just flirted over the sea, sometimes in and sometimes out, according as their aerial or aquatic tyrants proved the most relentless. This singular, though most unfair, pursuit seemed to reverse the order of nature, for in their eagerness the gulls frequently darted with their finny prey beneath the waves,

whilst with still greater impetuosity the bonitos sprung after them into the atmosphere. A harder lot than that of a flying-fish under such circumstances I do not know. Its state is a degree worse than that of the animal which ‘dies on the land, and cannot live in the water.’ The wind is fair, and the weather fine, and if matters remain as they are now for a couple of days longer, we shall surely behold Genoa in all its pride of place. There has been another *superficial* war waging to-day between the gulls, bonitos, and flying fish. Some albigores also favoured us with their company for several hours, and the beautiful pilot-fish again showed themselves alongside. During a former voyage our vessel was attended by eleven albigores for two entire days. They followed her into Genoa, and were every one caught by the natives. I suspect that the reason which both they and the bonitos would assign for following ships, is their greater chance of securing the smaller fish, which are frightened to either side by the advance of the vessel. They thus have a command over more water than if they were pursuing a solitary course.”

In 1824, Mr Wilson married Isabella Keith, a young lady whose accomplishments fitted her in a special manner to be the partner of the enthusiastic naturalist, and whose personal piety corresponded with his own. Soon after his marriage he took up his abode at Woodville, a rural retreat in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and continued to pursue his

favourite studies amidst the delights of domestic life. Nearly all the best articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," on Natural History, were either written or edited by him; besides which he engaged, year after year, in a great variety and amount of literary labour, producing various separate works on the subject, and contributing to the "Quarterly Review," "Blackwood's Magazine," and many other literary and scientific periodicals. His excursions to various parts of the country, in pursuit of scientific knowledge, afforded him great delight, and of those excursions many interesting details occur in his journals and correspondence. The following are a few extracts from letters written at various times, and from different places, in which the reader may detect a considerable share of quiet humour. They are written from some of the most beautiful and romantic districts of Sutherlandshire:—"We made only thirteen miles yesterday, from Bonar Bridge to Lairg. We fished up the river Shin on our way. J. Jardine and I each killed a grilse in addition to our trouts; the rest of the party only caught the last named fishes. Our grilse, however, were *kelts*; that is, had not run fresh from the sea, but had been kept in the river all winter, owing to the closing of the cruives which had prevented their making their way to the ocean waters. We spent some hours on our way at Invershin upon the Oikel, conversing with Mr Young, who has the chief charge of the fisheries. Soon after our arrival

here last night, we discovered a nest of the black-throated diver. I believe it had not been previously seen by any one, though the bird has been long known to breed in Britain. We took the eggs, for they sell in London for a guinea a-piece. There are an immense number of cuckoos hereabouts, so many that one sees them flying about from tree to tree, and the people tell us that they often find their eggs in the nests of small birds, particularly in that of the tit-lark. To-day Sir William and Mr Selby are going to try Loch Shin for the great loch trout; Dr Greville and myself try a smaller loch among the hills, and hope to find a few insects: we got *Carabus clathratus* here last year. Now, dearest wife, the party are all keen to be off, as we have breakfasted, and they are scolding me for writing. God bless you all! Although I have been disappointed in receiving my Saturday's letter, which I fear has not been sent to the Post-office in time for the north mail of that day, yet I shall not retaliate by allowing an opportunity likely to occur to-morrow to escape. I wrote to you on Saturday morning somewhat hurriedly, for we are generally all pent up in one little room about the size of my thumb, and our occupations are so various and so numerous, that I have scarcely time to collect my senses. The change of life is indeed great, and to a monomaniac like myself, who requires some time to shift his ideas, the effect produced is like that of a waking or rather walking dream. Our chief ob-

ject here was to fish Loch Shin for the great lake trout, and Loch Craggie for another kind, remarkable for beauty of shape and colour, and excellence of condition for the purposes of the table. In Loch Shin we have not done much, but in the other loch we have been extremely successful. Selby has made a drawing of one which I killed, a very fine fellow, weighing two pounds and a-half. While fishing Loch Craggie on Saturday, I found a nest of the black-throated diver. The parents made off when they saw me wading towards their little isle, but they left behind them two little black powder-puffs, about the size of *your* hand, which *fuffed* and bit at me when I came near them. One of them got among the rushes and tried to dive, but it would not do. I took them in my hand, and immediately heard the parents uttering wild cries of anger and anxiety; so I laid them down and went to the other side of the loch, that their wild though sweet home might not be disturbed. The loch is a little one among the hills, with a good sprinkling of natural birch wood at one end. We fished it last year, though unsuccessfully, owing to the violence of the wind. On Monday, we started again for Loch Craggie, Sir William and Selby each armed with their fowling-pieces, and much excited by my account of the divers and their woolly young ones. Alas, for sentiment in the hands or hearts of those ruthless destroyers! When I thought of the happy moonlight nights, the bright mornings, the gorgeous

sunsets, the balmy twilights, which these magnificent birds had enjoyed together, and how little they had dreamed that their wild solitudes, environed by crags, and almost covered with water, should be invaded by the authors of 'Ornithology Made Easy,' I almost regretted for the time that I had betrayed their secret. But knowing that Sir William and Mr Selby had spent the greater part of Saturday in a vain attempt to obtain a pair which they had discovered on Loch Shin, I thought it wrong to conceal an ornithological fact of such importance. So I directed them to the island where I knew the birds would be, and the consequences may be supposed. They crept towards the spot, and the divers, less wary than usual, or at least less careful of themselves, from the strength of their parental affection, after swimming up the loch, followed by one of the young ones, returned again in search of the other, and coming within range of the marksmen, were both shot dead, along with their little helpless child. I was at this time fishing at some distance, but when I came towards the island I found the gorgeous creatures, which I had so lately seen so full of life and vigour, extended cold and stiff upon the shore. They are as large as geese, and are scarcely ever found in this country, except during severe winters. Their breeding places were previously unknown. That same day we discovered also two pair of widgeons, a bird the summer haunts of which had not been ascertained. I killed fifteen

very fine trouts, many of them two pounds weight, and several above it. As eating fish, they surpass any fresh-water fish, except salmon, with which I am acquainted, and they enable us to fare sumptuously every day. We have lamb, good soup or broth, and roasted fowls—the latter, however, evidently made of Indian rubber. We find our boat answer excellently; we took it up to Loch Craggie in a cart, and brought it down again in the evening without any trouble.”

Mr Wilson was in 1837 called to suffer the loss of his excellent and beloved wife. This great calamity he endeavoured to sustain with Christian fortitude; and it was well for him that he had also in some measure a refuge from his grief in the pursuits of literature and science; but that he continued deeply to feel his loss is manifest from the following passage in one of his letters from Stirlingshire:—“During my former excursions, my chief pleasure was in writing to, or receiving letters from, her whose place knows her no longer; and if for a moment the sun seems to shine as it was wont, and a sense of pleasure passes through my heart, then a wave of darkness seems to overshadow me, and I feel as if it were selfish and unkind to others even to seek for any happiness. But all this, I know, proves the low and earthly nature of my hopes and aspirations, and how unable I am to raise my thoughts to that brighter world, where we know there are ‘many mansions.’ I pray God I may be

enabled by degrees to wean myself from all these 'vexing thoughts,' by which for some time past I have been so disquieted. We know unto whom we may go when weary and heavy laden, and He will give us rest."

Mr Wilson survived his lamented partner for many years, during which period he continued to occupy himself in those scientific pursuits which had for him so great and irresistible a charm. Probably this amiable man had as large an amount of happiness as can in general fall to the lot of humanity; for he possessed the blessings of a well-conditioned mind, a good temper, an intellect capable of finding abundant employment for itself in the many beautiful things that lie everywhere around us, but escape ordinary people, and in the possession of that spirit of piety which so greatly tends to increase our happiness and to diminish our sorrow. He terminated his quiet career in 1856; and from the glimpses which his papers afford of his hidden life, we gather how truly he was governed and guided by the light of divine truth. Of this the following extract will afford sufficient evidence:—"When a person is actuated by the love of God as well as man, when he applies the Saviour's gracious words, 'do this in remembrance of me,' not solely to the partaking of the Sacrament of the Supper, but to the performance of whatever he may be called upon to do, however destructive to himself—when he has respect to the recompense of

reward, and remembers that the eye of the all-seeing God, for ever sleepless and undimmed, is upon him by night and day, then is he truly steadfast and not afraid, then shall not his youth be joyless, nor his manhood useless, but even his old age, so often desolate, 'shall be clearer than the noon-day.' I shall not say that I lived without God in the world, but I often felt God-forsaken, which I surely would not have done had I simply laid myself and all my sins and sorrows at the foot of the Cross, trusting to 'the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than that of Abel.' I thought, in truth, far more of my sufferings than of my sins, and looked not, at least confidently, 'on Him whom I had pierced.' Had I acknowledged the Lord in all my ways, He would have directed my paths, and made my darkness light. O God, may I now say, 'The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?' May that faithful saying be accepted and deeply engraven on my heart, 'that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,' to 'blot out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us,' to reconcile the world to God, 'not imputing to them their trespasses,' so that I who was some time 'afar off,' may be made nigh by the shedding of the Saviour's blood, while I confess with my tongue and believe with my heart that Jesus is the Son of God, who raised Him from the dead. O holy Father, may it

come to pass that in the place where it was said unto us, 'ye are not my people,' there shall we be called 'the children of the living God.' The test, as it seems to me, of a person acting upon, or being actuated by the highest principles, is this, that under similar circumstances he would again follow precisely the same course, altogether irrespective of results. But as I myself would, if I could throw myself back into former times and circumstances, in all probability follow an entirely opposite course from that which I have actually pursued, I conceive there must have formerly been (and may still exist), as great a mixture of pride and folly in the feelings by which I have been regulated, as of true humility and Christian wisdom. Most people in early life are fond of building castles in the air, and are constitutionally careless at that period of their own interests; and my poor castles, however fair and glittering to my own fancy, certainly far brighter and more beautiful than anything I can now conjure up, were in no way founded on filthy lucre. . . . Alas! for 'gorgeous cloudland,' and the 'world of dreams!' Alas! for the difference, now greater than that of light and darkness, between the confiding imaginations of youth and the actual knowledge of after-years! Romance and reality! the peaceful repose of early and undoubting affection, and then—the battle of life. Who can relieve us from the body of sin and death? Vain is the help of man; may we look evermore to that Rock which is sure

and steadfast, and which, in its serene brightness, overlooks and illumines the darkness even of the valley of the shadow of death (making death itself a shadow), and which the waters of Jordan cannot overflow. . . . Yet, in reading the Word of God, although my views of God's providence and scheme of redemption were very dark, I was not without consolation, and I often dwelt with pleasure on such passages as the following:—'The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.' 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.' 'He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.' 'Sorrow is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.' 'To this man will I look, even to him that is of a poor and contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.' I fear I trembled not at the 'word,' though my soul was disquieted within me; though broken down by my sorrows, the burden of sin was not grievous, and I lightly esteemed the God of my salvation. Though weary and heavy laden, I went not to the fountain of living water, I sought not the bread of life (Lord, evermore give us that bread), but endeavoured (a vain endeavour), by a dogged resolution, an obstinate endurance of great discomforts of mind and body, to withstand adversities of whatever kind, instead of looking to Him who redeemeth the soul of his servants, so that 'none of those that trust in

Him shall be desolate.' For we have not an high priest who 'cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities.' . . . I had great consolation then from all promises to the downcast and disconsolate, such as, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;' 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;' and so far this was well. But did I not put my sufferings in front of my faith, and my patient endurance almost in place of it, as if I *merited* the compassionate love of God simply because I suffered, instead of seeking to be justified (solely as well as freely) by his grace, 'through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus?' "

His last hours are thus referred to by his biographer:—"On the 2d of May, he was unable to leave his room, nor could he even lie down; he sat with his head supported on a table, a position which he was obliged to retain day and night through the remainder of his illness. He liked to listen to reading, and often asked to have the Bible read to him; but all utterance was attended with such effort that he seldom attempted more than a few broken words. On one occasion he said, 'It is not easy to speak when one is struggling for breath, and feeling as if about to suffocate; but I wish you to know that my *mind* is perfectly satisfied; He is my Lord and my God. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." I have had much forgiven me, and may well love much.' He then gave several messages and orders, mentioning some little memorials

which he wished to be given to several friends. He also expressed a desire to be buried in the Dean Cemetery, where his brother the Professor had been buried two years before, adding, in allusion to his wife's grave elsewhere, 'The other spot will still be sacred ground to you.' Next day, when asked how he felt, he said, 'Faint, yet pursuing. Looking unto Jesus.' His mind continued calm and peaceful to the last. Even when most exhausted, he was still upon the watch lest those around him should be over-fatigued, and many and touching were his expressions of affectionate gratitude. Amongst the words which fell from his lips are remembered, 'Christ the hope of glory.' 'There is none other name given under heaven, whereby men can be saved.' 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' During the night between Saturday the 17th and Sabbath the 18th of May, he took leave of his family, saying, 'There is no darkness in the valley; it is all bright.' The twenty-third Psalm was read to him, and at the fourth verse he repeated the words, 'I will fear no evil, for thou art with me:' and so, early on that Sabbath morning, the beautiful place which had known him so long, knew him no more, for he had gone to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

PATRICK FRASER TYTLER.

PATRICK FRASER TYTLER was the son of Lord Woodhouselee, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland, and was born at Edinburgh in 1791. He obtained his early education at the High School of his native city, with the assistance of very able private tutors, one of whom was Mr John Lee, afterwards the well-known eminent Principal of the University of Edinburgh. At the age of seventeen Mr Tytler was sent for a short time to a school at Chobham, about twenty-six miles from London, prior to his commencing the course of study requisite to the profession of law, which it was his father's desire he should enter. At Chobham he remained for about a year, when he returned to Scotland, and after the usual course of legal studies, entered his profession as an advocate. But it does not appear that Mr Tytler had ever much taste for the profession on which he had entered. Probably his mental qualifications were not completely adapted either to the study or the practice of law; it is certain, however, that literary pursuits were those which had for him the greatest charms; and having devoted himself to such pursuits, he gradually lost all relish for the dry details of legal business, and the bustle and turmoil of a barrister's life. The most important

production of Mr Tytler's pen is his History of Scotland. It was his opinion that "an author, instead of frittering away his energies on a multitude of subjects of minor interest, should, as soon as practicable, take up some large inquiry, and then make it the business of his literary life to prosecute that inquiry with exclusive attention, making his other studies subsidiary to his one great master study, and reading every book with a constant reference to this one ruling object of his ambition. To periodical literature especially he had a rooted dislike. The systematic contribution to such publications he not only thought derogatory to the dignity of an author, but he regarded it as a most injurious practice. It is fatal, he would say, to the habit of sustained investigation, and diminishes the sense of responsibility. It induces carelessness of statement, and a slipshod style of writing. What is worst of all, if a man has a great pursuit before him, the task of writing on any other subject for one of our great periodicals (he spoke from experience), entails a degree of labour to which the proposed remuneration must be wholly disproportionate, while it carries a man into fields of inquiry alike irrelevant and distracting. If a man is without such a great and engrossing subject, he is confirming himself in those desultory habits which my friend discouraged in others as well as avoided himself. From this time forward he steadily resisted the many applications which were made to him to

contribute papers to literary journals. I am aware of only one article in the 'Quarterly,' and another in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' which were from his pen."

With such views, he was prepared to enter upon some important undertaking of a literary character, which might occupy him for many years; and on occasion of a visit to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford—probably in the year 1823—the illustrious antiquarian and novelist suggested to him the scheme of writing a History of Scotland. In a letter to Mr Tytler's sister from Mr Pringle of Yair, who was his fellow-guest at Abbotsford at the time, the following statements occur:—"Sir Walter Scott had taken him aside and suggested to him the scheme of writing a history of Scotland. Sir Walter stated that some years before the booksellers had urged him to undertake such a work, and that he had at one time seriously contemplated it. The subject was very congenial to his tastes; and he thought that by interspersing the narrative with romantic anecdotes illustrative of the manners of his countrymen, he could render such a work popular. But he soon found, while engaged in preparing his materials, that something more was wanted than a popular romance; that a right history of Scotland was yet to be written; but that there were ample materials for it in the national records, in collections of documents, both private and public, and in Scottish authors, whose works had become rare, or were

seldom perused. The research, however, which would be required for bringing to light, arranging, and digesting these materials, he soon saw would be far more than he had it in his power to give to the subject; and it would be a work of tedious and patient labour, which must be pursued, not in Scotland only, but amongst the national collections of records in London, and wherever else such documents may have been preserved. But such a labour, his official duties and other avocations would not allow him to bestow upon it. He had therefore ended in a resolution to confine his undertaking to a collection of historical anecdotes, for the amusement of the rising generation, calculated to impress upon their memories the worthy deeds of Scottish heroes, and inspire them with sentiments of nationality. He also mentioned that the article on the Culloden Papers, published in the January number of the 'Quarterly Review' for 1816, which I have always considered as one of the most attractive as well as characteristic of all his writings, had been originally conceived in the form of a portion of an introductory Essay to the contemplated historical work, which was now likely to go no further. He then proposed to your brother to enter on the undertaking; and remarked to him that he knew his tastes and favourite pursuits lay so strongly in the line of history, and the history of his native country must have such peculiar interest for him, that the labour could not fail to be congenial to

him : that, though the requisite researches would consume a great deal of time and thought, he had the advantage of youth on his side, and might live to complete the work, which, if executed under a deep sense of the importance of historical truth, would confer a lasting benefit on his country ; and he ended with offering all the aid in his power for obtaining access to the repositories of information, as well as advice in pursuing the necessary investigations. I asked my friend if the suggestion pleased him. He replied, that the undertaking appeared very formidable : that I knew he had always been fond of historical pursuits ; and though he confessed he had frequently cherished an ambition for becoming an historical author, yet it had never entered into his mind to attempt a history of his own country, as he knew too well the difficulties which he would have to encounter, especially those of attaining accuracy, and realising his own conception of what a History of Scotland ought to be ; but that the suggestion coming from such a quarter, as well as the offered assistance, was not to be disregarded. You may be sure that I encouraged him to the best of my power ; for though I knew how much it was likely to withdraw his attention from his professional avocations, yet I also knew how much more congenial a pursuit it would prove, and how much more he was likely to attain to excellence, and establish his reputation in this channel. It was therefore with much satisfaction that I soon afterwards

learned from him that he had entered seriously on the undertaking."

The first volume of the truly valuable work which he thus undertook appeared in 1828, and it was completed in 1843; but before the first instalment of it was published, his marriage took place with the amiable and accomplished daughter of Mr Hog of Newliston. He thus refers to the approaching event in a letter to his sister:—"My dearest Jeanie,—I sit down to write to you on so new a subject, that I scarcely know how to begin; but to you, my own Jeanie, I must write, because I know you and James will deeply feel anything which makes me happy. I am going to be married; and the object of my whole little plans and wishes, for the last two years, is under the kind providence of God realised. I find myself in possession of the sweetest, kindest, and most faithful heart that ever dwelt in a human bosom; and this, united to the purest religious principles, to the most solemn feelings of the sacred duties incumbent on a wife, and to manners which, from being formed entirely under the domestic roof, are wholly free from any mixture of worldliness, or vanity, or display. My dear little girl has never been one night away from home; and I believe, although she is twenty-one or twenty-two, three or four balls or parties are nearly the extent of her gaiety. The effect of this is, that she is the most timid and diffident, but I think the most attractive creature I ever saw. With excellent taste and

talents, and fine accomplishments, she hardly thinks she can do anything well. I do not know if I or any of my sisters ever mentioned to you how long and deeply I have been interested in her; how often I rode out to meet her in her rides; and the great difficulties I had to overcome, in getting into the Castle at Lauriston, which is exactly like a convent, with high walls and locked doors, and an old Father or Governor, aged 84, in command; who hates company, and keeps his daughters constantly employed in reading to him. But I must not say a syllable against him, for he has behaved nobly and generously beyond measure; welcoming me into his family with a disinterestedness which is indeed rarely met with; giving to me his daughter, the richest jewel in his domestic crown, and a portion of ——. You may believe, my dear Jeanie, I thought little of money; for had Rachel not a shilling in the world, my affections were, and for ever would have remained, hers. But it is very pleasing, having allowed my heart to be in its choice wholly unoccupied (as I always was determined it should be) with money matters, to find that I shall be quite independent; that having chosen love, I have inadvertently put my hand upon riches too."

This event rendered Mr Tytler's happiness complete; but Mrs Tytler's constitution was by no means robust. This was necessarily a cause of much anxiety, and his letters to his amiable wife evince at once his deep affection, and his anxiety

for her well-being. "When you smile and are happy and seem to be well, 'it is fresh morning with me,' as Shakspeare says somewhere. Everything looks gay and gilded, and my spirits rise into joy, and move on as lightly as the little green-coloured wherry over our dear pond at Newliston. But all is instantly overcast to me when you are in pain. My spirits sink like lead. I plump down at once into despondency, and cannot be comforted."

Visits to London and Oxford in 1830, for the purpose of obtaining access to rare and valuable historical books and MSS., were followed a couple of years afterwards by the removal of his family to Torquay. This change of abode, while it afforded sufficient literary quiet to himself, was beneficial to his beloved partner. Here he remained busily occupied for a year, when he and his family returned to Scotland, and in consequence of Mrs Tytler's delicate state settled in the Island of Bute, the climate of which is in a very high degree mild and salubrious. Leaving his wife and family in the vicinity of Rothesay, Mr Tytler again repaired to his old haunts in London—the State Paper Office and the British Museum. A few extracts from his letters to his wife at this period will not be unacceptable to the reader, as exhibiting at once his piety and the tenderness of his domestic affections: "My first feeling in London has been this time the same as it always is, a sense of loneliness and desertion; the misery of bustle, with the conscious-

ness of solitude. This I seek to relieve in two ways; the first (for which I bless God) is to pray often, wherever I may be, and to seek a nearer communion with the source of all Love and Goodness, in his own way, through my Saviour. This calms me, and I am at peace. The second is to write to my best and dearest love, who is and ever will be more perfectly dear than any mortal thing; and to whom my thoughts, in absence, constantly revert with a fondness I cannot explain or describe.' His business was now to get on with the works he had in hand; and allusions to his literary occupations abound in every letter. With these, he ever intermingles (as his manner was) something playful:—'The more I see of the rich and voluminous stores of manuscript which exist in London,' he writes, 'the more I am compelled to wonder that so little use has been hitherto made of them. The English historians have been absolutely living in the midst of a Golconda of manuscripts, a mine full of the richest jewels, and have been contented to build their works from Birmingham pastes. It is passing strange, and tantalising to those who cannot have constant access to such treasures; but I shall make the most of my time, and try to copy as much as I can, not forgetting Henry VIII. My printers, now that they have begun, keep me exceedingly busy. I have been working also on Henry VIII.; and this, with an endeavour to collect materials for my sixth volume, and to examine

the various depots of manuscripts, holds me in constant employment. But I obey your directions, my own dear love, and walk as much as possible; and as the British Museum, the State Paper Office, the Chapter House at Westminster, and the Herald's College, are at considerable distances, I get through a great deal of exercise as well as literary labour. I dined yesterday at Æneas Macintosh's. It was quite a small party; but there was a Sir James Hillyer there, an old navy captain bred by Lord Nelson, whom I took a great fancy to. Lady Hillyer and her daughter, a young unaffected girl, gave us in the evening some music in so exquisite a style, that I could not help wishing over and over again that my own Rachel had been sitting beside me. Miss Hillyer played the harp as finely as any professional performer, besides having a rich full voice, and no airs or trumpery. Her taste was admirable; but the old Admiral insisted on joining, and sung out as if he had been hailing a French man-of-war, till his wife stopped him, and sent him away from the piano. It was a very funny scene, but the veteran bore it with perfect good humour. I must not forget to tell you about the party at the Duke of Sussex's. As far as splendid rooms (seven or eight in a suite) and brilliant lighting could go, it was grand enough; but the brilliance was cast upon as odd-looking a set of old codgers as ever my eyes lighted on. Some five or six hundred philosophers and antiquarians, poets, painters, artists of all de-

scriptions, interspersed with some bishops, prime ministers, earls, marquises, and big-wigs. On the tables were models of machines, maps, mathematical instruments; odd-looking clocks, and strange unintelligible contrivances. In one corner was a little fellow, with a huge head of white hair, and a face scarcely human, lecturing upon the pyramids to a circle of literati, some of them more odd-looking than himself. In another part stood the Royal Duke, surrounded by a cluster of *savans*, talking very loud about the constellations and signs of the zodiac, in a voice like a child's penny trumpet. . . . I saw Prince Talleyrand, a most inhuman-looking old man, tottering under the weight of years, with long white hair flowing on his shoulders, and a face like a haggard old witch. Could I have had any one to point out to me the various eminent men who I daresay were there, it might have been much more entertaining; but, although I saw some antiquaries and keepers of manuscripts whom I knew, I could not bother them by asking questions, which at all times I detest doing.' At this time, in the prospect of an immediate vacancy in the keepership of the Records in the Chapter House, Westminster, several candidates for that office entered the field; and Tytler's claims were powerfully urged upon Lord Grey, who was then Premier, and in whose gift the appointment rested. 'The salary is £400 a-year,' he writes; 'the duties, exactly such as I am entitled, from my knowledge and experience, to

think I can perform.' It was, in fact, exactly the office for which his devotion to history, his enlightened familiarity with ancient documents, his popular manners, and his energetic and conciliatory disposition, seemed to qualify him. His slender income and his wife's feeble health supplied an additional inducement; and he became very anxious to succeed. 'Whichever way it may be decided,' he says, 'I have to bless God that there is impressed on my mind (and it comes alone from Him), the most sweet and certain conviction that if success is for my *real* good, it will most assuredly be given. If I succeed, it will be with His blessing; if I fail, still it will be with His blessing. Why then should I for a moment be anxious?' Anxious, however, he was, as his letters show; and his unremitting exertions to complete his collections for his History, which was the business which had brought him to London, quite wore him out. 'Amid my present toil,' he writes to his beloved Rachel, 'your letters are a most sweet consolation. They quite overcome me when I read them; and I feel that whatever disappointment may come, to return and repose on such a heart, and be the object of such fond and wakeful love, is enough to work an immediate cure.' At the end of a few days, he learnt that the office had been bestowed upon another. 'The place has been given to Sir Francis Palgrave; and now that it is all fixed, and my mind out of suspense, I bless God that He enables me to feel not only not dis-

appointed, but happy, and quite assured that He, in his infinite wisdom, has ordained all well. Every step I took in the affair, I have since carefully thought over; and there is none that I would not repeat. I prayed constantly for guidance and direction, and have been enabled to act throughout in such a way, that all that is right, and open, and just has been on our side. . . . But it is a very long story, my beloved Rachel, and I will not attempt to give you the particulars till we meet, which please God will not I trust be long now. The affair, although ended as far as concerns the place being given, is not ended as to the consequences. The Record Commission will I trust be brought before Parliament; and I think it very likely that it will be knocked on the head. No one has been more active in this matter than both Patrick Stewart and Hibbert. Sydney Smith too has acted a very straightforward and friendly part; and as for my dear Campbell, he absolutely bearded the lion in his den. It ought however to be said, in justice to Lord Grey, that all that he has done has been perfectly honourable and consistent.' When next he wrote—'The disappointment (I scarcely ought to use so strong a word) has been let fall so gently on me, that although at one time my hopes were sanguine, and I felt something of the joy of approaching independence, I can now say that my mind is perfectly peaceful and happy. I feel that all has been regulated by infinite Love and perfect Wisdom.' "

After the death of his wife, Mr Tytler took up his abode in London, and continued to pursue his literary labours. In October 1843 his *History of Scotland* was happily brought to a conclusion, after a labour of nearly eighteen years, and he soon after was gratified by finding himself, on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, placed on the civil list for a pension of £200 a-year. "I believe," says his friend Mr Pringle, "that it was his original intention to bring down his *History of Scotland* to the Union of the Kingdoms; but he found the materials of the last century so increased in quantity, that the labour of discriminating, selecting, and condensing, appeared to him quite appalling; and, indeed, it would then have been quite beyond his impaired strength; for he had so devoted his energies to the perfecting of his work, that I believe his health had been irreparably injured, and his valuable life was shortened by the inroads which incessant labour had made on his constitution."

His letters from England at this period possess much interest. The following is an extract from one from Wimbledon Park, where he was on a visit to the Duke of Somerset, who was much attached to him:—"Yesterday, I walked six miles to call on dear Lady Dunmore, in Richmond Park. I had heard she was so ill that she saw nobody; but after I had left my name, and was walking away, the servant came running after me, and said his mis-

tress must see me ; so I went back. She can only speak in a whisper, but happily it is so clear and distinct that I heard her quite well. She was most kind, and a good deal affected at first seeing me (you know I used to be very fond of old Lord Dunmore, and much with him long ago). She insisted on taking me with her in her carriage, and would not hear of my walking back again. The way in which she held my hand as I sat beside her in the carriage, and listened to her sweet little clear low whisper, was more like the tenderness of a mother or a wife, than any other thing. She said she was so glad I had come that day, for it was the only day for a long time before that she could have seen me, as she had slept five hours the night before. Alas, how little do we sometimes think of the infinite blessing of health and sleep ! Gladly would I give up three or four hours of my night's rest, if they could be added to the sleep of this dear old friend, who is so patient a sufferer. But, doubtless, these sufferings will purify her for that long sleep which will be followed by so bright and blessed a wakening. Yesterday and the day before we had the Speaker here, Mr Shaw Lefevre, of whom your friends the Miss Allens spoke so much. All they said was true ; for I never was in company with a more agreeable man, full of anecdote, funny, and without the least affectation of any kind. He is a noble-looking man, too,—quite like what the head of the Commoners of England should be. I was

sorry he went away so soon. We had another treat in another way: a Mr ——, the son of Lord ——, who is a magnificent player on the pianoforte. He is very very little, with a small white face like a sixpence, black moustaches, and little eyes, like the tops of a black pin, and very wee hands; but when this thing sits down to the piano, if you shut your eyes, you would imagine three or four giants were playing. He practises *seven* hours a-day, and wears and wears his little hands so, that his wrists have large lumps on them, which have to be bandaged down, so that in his quick passages you see nothing flying along the notes, but two black ribbons. He is a perfect delight, and amused me much, both in seeing him, and thinking of him afterwards."

In 1845 Mr Tytler married Miss Anastasia Bonar, daughter of the late Thomson Bonar, Esq. of Camden Place, Kent, a lady of great personal and intellectual charms, sincere piety, and devotedly attached to his children. On this subject he thus writes to his intimate friend, Mr Burgon:—"How all this has come about, dear Johnny, I can scarcely tell. It has been so gradual and so gentle. There was a time, as you well know, when I never dreamed that my heart could have admitted these feelings again; but now, without losing any of the sweet and sacred memories connected with that beloved being who has fallen asleep, I have resigned myself to a feeling which I cannot resist."

His health had for some years gradually declined, and in June 1846 he proceeded to Vielbach, near Frankfort, and after remaining there a year, removed to Elgersburgh, in Thuringia, to try the effect of the cold water cure; thence he proceeded to Paris, and by slow stages returned to England, and reached Malvern in October 1849, after an absence on the Continent of three years and a-half. Under the care of Dr Gully he now appeared to make considerable progress towards recovery; but those happy indications did not continue. "On Monday the 17th December," says his biographer, "Tytler breakfasted with his family for the last time. He had now grown exceedingly weak and languid, and slept through the greater part of the day. He was equal to no mental exertion; but derived pleasure from hearing Washington Irving's 'Life of Goldsmith' read aloud in the evening. Next day he felt too weak to leave his bed; and only shook off the drowsy torpor which seemed to be stealing over him, to say his prayers, of which he made his wife promise she would remind him at the customary hour. He rose on the day following; but was unequal to the task of writing Mrs Tytler's name in a book he had once given her. A fit of exhaustion came on in the evening; and the sunken eyes, contracted eyelids, and almost inaudible voice, showed but too plainly what must shortly follow. His wife asked him if he felt ill. 'Total exhaustion,' was his reply: 'life is ebbing.'

Next day he could not make up his mind to leave his bed ; and remarked that it was ' vain to struggle any longer.' His voice was very low, and he spoke as if in his sleep. At every suggestion that he should get up, he replied, ' Ten minutes longer ! A little more rest, I entreat you ;' and dropped asleep again. Once he said, ' I cannot rise ; my strength is gone.' He could not even feed himself ; but he folded his hands before and after every meal, and syllabled the customary grace. Throughout almost all the following day he slept, but made an effort to rise in the evening. After hearing his favourite Psalm (the 121st) read aloud to him, slowly and distinctly, in order (as he said) that he might understand it, he returned to his bed ; never to rise from it again. On Sunday the 23rd he grew confused in memory, experienced difficulty in swallowing, and complained of darkness. The curtain was drawn, and the light of the winter morning was suffered to stream on his bed ; but in vain. He folded his hands, and exclaimed, ' I see how it is.' He slumbered throughout the day, and remarked, when the doctor called upon him in the afternoon, ' I shall not now be long on the face of this earth.' Later in the evening he kissed and blessed his children. A night of confused thoughts followed, and before the dawn, it became apparent that he was sinking rapidly. His wife, who had been seeking to administer some wine and water, supposing that his difficulty in swallowing was owing

to his position, strove to alter it. He gently shook his head, and smiled faintly. Suddenly, at about half-past seven, a deadly pallor overspread his features, and his pulse became almost imperceptible. He drew one long breath,—and all was over!”

One extract from a letter from his old friend, Mr Pringle of Yair, will form a suitable conclusion to our brief memoir:—“I can hardly describe to you what a conflict of thought has filled my mind, since I heard of this event. I was not at all prepared for it, having cherished the hope that I might again have seen my early friend, and that, after the effects of his fatiguing journey had subsided, his recovery might have gone on progressively. But God has willed it otherwise. May he be a Father to the fatherless children, in whom I shall ever feel a very warm interest. It is about forty-two years since our acquaintance, or I should rather say our intimacy (for it was intimacy from the beginning) first commenced; and in how many events of our lives have we been associated! His was a highly gifted as well as highly cultivated mind, combined with the sweetest disposition. Having spent many of my happiest hours in his society, I cannot help dwelling on the recollection of them; for in the circle of those friends amongst whom the most active and interesting years of my life were passed, he filled an important place. No one contributed so large a share to the joys of that social intercourse which lightened our toils, and excited us to fresh

exertion. I can hardly reconcile myself to the idea that the scenes of those happy days have passed away for ever. I have had various intimations of this melancholy fact ; but this event is the first that has convinced my mind of its certainty. Some of our most esteemed early friends have departed before him, and we lamented their deaths as occasioning premature blanks in our circle. But I now acknowledge the fact, that *that* circle is broken up for ever ; and that, for the remainder of the time allowed to those of us who survive, our social enjoyments must be reckoned amongst the things which have run their course. When we meet, we can never again rise to that buoyancy of spirits which we once enjoyed, though we may have a melancholy pleasure in dwelling on the memory of the past ; and especially in cherishing our recollections of one whose playful wit and varied accomplishments were the chief charm of our intercourse."

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